Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892. NO. 34

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Benjamin F. Jones,	James Muir,
William Wood,	John H. Sheibley,
W. Henry Sayen,	Coe Durland,
J. Francis Dunlap,	Pierre A. Stebbins,
John L. Lawson,	Lloyd T. Rohrbach,
John Mundell,	S. S. Schoch,
John Hunter,	J. Schall Wilhelm,
Alexander Crow, Jr.,	Louis J. McGregor,
Charles B. Siner,	James B. Laux,
Maxwell Clower,	Robert Pitcairn,
William H. Grundy,	James H. Lindsay,
Traill Green,	Thomas L. Lincoln,
James K. Mosser,	Sylvester D. Bell,
J. M. W. Geist,	Matthew H. Taylor,
Henry A. Knapp,	Charles F. Barclay,
William J. Harvey,	Jesse E. Dale.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Associate Judge,
SAMUEL T. GRAY, of Patton.

For Assembly,
JOHN HAMILTON, of College,
A. A. DALE, of Bellefonte.

For Prothonotary,
JOHN C. MILLER, of Bellefonte.

For District Attorney,
G. W. ZIEGLER, of Philipsburg.

For County Surveyor,
JESSE CLEAVER, of Unionville.

"ANARCHISTS OF INDUSTRA" is the apt term applied to free-traders by the New York *Record*.

CLEVELAND is under the impression that his pen is mightier than the sword, but then his sword was handled by a substitute.

WATSON AND SIMPSON, the two leaders in Congress of the People's party, are badly named to conduct a sober campaign—Tom and Jerry.

ALABAMA teaches the People's party and the world that what the South fears is, not negro domination, but the overthrow of the domination of the Democratic oligarchy.

THE ready letter-writer of Gray Gables is overdoing the thing by a tremendous majority. He would do well to become a penshunner without delay—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

THERE was mighty few private pension bills passed through the present House, but the number of Southern war claims that were adjusted was probably intended by the Democrats as a set-off.

THE Democratic House indignantly denies Tom Watson's assertion that it was drunk, but the country is inclined to think that if it was not drunk there is no excuse for it in making the blunders it did.

THERE must be a letter somewhere from G. Cleveland to Charley Ross. If the detectives would keep a watch on the mail from Buzzard's Bay and trace it, all the losts and unknowns would be found.

THE Confederate States used to brand its live stock and mark its property "C S." Probably the Democraic convention had that musical combination in mind when they made their ticket (C)leveland and (S)tevenson.

THE rainbow chasers are collecting a Democratic campaign fund to be expended in Western States. The Democratic committee will feel it a happy thing if they are given authority to spend this fund in the doubtful Southern States.

H. CLAY KING, of Tennessee, though a murderer, is a colonel. This fact, coupled with the intercession of Grover Cleveland in his behalf, was too much for the Democratic governor of Tennessee, and he commuted his death sentence to imprisonment for life.

The wage scale proposed by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers has been signed by 12 manufacturers and opposed by only one firm, the Carnegie Company, which was willing to accept all the provisions except one, affecting the wages of 300 out of the 5000 men employed in its works. If there is anything against Protection in this showing we are unable to see it.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, AUG. 29, '92

Senator Vorhees has been "talking out in meeting" about his recent visit to the democratic national headquarters, in New York city, and his talk is far from complimentary to those in charge. He is credited with saying that Harrity and Dickinson are both idiots, as far as national politics are concerned, and that the entire democratic campaign as far as it has gone has been a batch of errors, for which Whitney is as much responsible as Harrity and Dickinson. Mr. Vorhees tells his democratic friends that if the election were to be held now, Cleveland could not carry New York to save his life, and that he saw nothing when there to base any hopes for an improvement in the situation.

This information from Senator Vorhees is, so far as it refers to New York State, in accord with that received through republican sources. Senator Perkins, of Kansas, who has also been in New York, says he found the republicans in good shape all around, and that the campaign is being vigorously and intelligently pushed, and that he has not the slightest doubt of the election of Harrison and Reid by a larger electoral vote than that cast for Harrison and Morton. Of his own State Mr. Perkins says: We have a hot fight on our hands, with the democratic party swallowed up by the People's party, but you may put it down as certain that we are going to redeem Kansas this year. The campaign has progressed far enough to make it absolutely certain that the republican State ticket and at least five Congressman will be elected, and before November we expect to be certain of the rest of the Congressmen and are of the electoral ticket. The prosperity of the farmers of our State we expect, will help the republican party.

If the cho'era gets into the United States it will not be because of any lack of effort on the part of the Marine Hospital Service to keep it out, although it is absolutely necessary that the various State and city health authorities should intelligently co-operate with this bureau to make the quarantine actually preventive. The Marine Hospital Service, which is a bureau of the Treasury department, has control of the Congressional appropriation known as the epidemic fund, which will be used to keep out this dreaded disease. Collectors of customs at all ports of entry will act in conjunction with the Marine Hospital Service, and while there may be isolated cases of the cholera which will evade the vigilance of the quarantine authorities and get into some of our seaboard cities, it is believed that the precautions taken will make it impossible for it to become epidemic.

A local democrat of prominence says that Whitney told him that Mr. Cleveland would try in his letter of acceptance to tone down the effect of the plain spoken free trade plank in the national platform which is doing his party so much harm in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, States which he must carry to be elected. It is too late for any toning down process, and nothing that Mr. Cleveland can say in his letter can change the issue of this campaign—protection vs. free trade.

Much regret is expressed here at the announcement that Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, whose term expires March 4, 1893, will not be a candidate for re-election, Mr. Dawes has been one of the wheel horses of the republican party for so many years that his absence cannot fail to be felt; but there is consolation in the fact that Massachusetts has many able republicans and that his successor is certain to be a good man.

The most troublesome problem that the citizens committee in charge of the G. A. R. encampment had to deal with has been satisfactorily solved. That was to arrange for a plentiful supply of good wholesome food, well cooked, and at a reasonable price, in close proximity to the barracks in which free sleeping accomodation will be furnished all veterans who do not engage their own quarters. A contract has been made with a caterer who has had wide experience in feeding large crowds by which he agrees to furnish those of the visitors who desire regular meals with three goods meals for $1 per day, and to supply at all times during the night or day cold lunches with hot coffee and tea and milk at the usual city prices. The barracks have been named, those on the monument lot Alger, in honor of General Alger, and those in Garfield park, Farragut, after the gallant old Admiral, long since gone where all good sailors go.

The addresses of sixteen of the surviving war govornors have been obtained by the committee and this week invitations to attend the encampment as special guests of honor of the committee will be forwarded to each of them. It is hoped that all of them may be able to attend, as it is the purpose of the committee to make their reuniom a memorable occasion.

THAT IS WHERE YOU ARE WRONG SAYS THE GENTLEMAN FROM BROOKLYN.

In the debate on the World's Fair appropriation in Congress it was proposed by a Democrat that the appropriation should be accompanied by a provision that exhibits should be placarded with the foreign and American prices. Representative Coombs, a Democratic of Brooklyn, N. Y., made his fellow Democrats squirm by remarking: "As a man interested in the exportation of American goods, I want the merchant who come from Mexico and from Central Ameaican to have an opportunity to compare our manufacturers' prices with those of European manufacturers. I want him to learn, as he will learn, that he can get American manufactured goods cheaper, quality for quality than he can get European goods.

"I think such a comparison as is proposed will be in the interest of the American manufacturer, in the interest of American commerce, in the interest of general intelligence. I am a merchant interested in the development of this country, and whose interests would be unfavorably affected by an unfavorable comparison, yet I have no fear of the result; and Mr. Chairman, I shall vote in favor of his bill."

This took the free traders decidedly aback. What they desire is to make it appear that American products are inferior and higher priced, and, apparently, they do not care what means they take to do that. As Congressman Coombs got through, McMillin of Tennessee, the blustering, bull-dozing, fog horn-voiced quasi-leader of the Democratic side, came rushing down the aisle and in his threatening way exclaimed:

"Mr. Coombs, what do you mean? You have taken away the chief campaign material of the Democrats against protection. We claim that protection increases the prices of American products."

"Well, that is where you are wrong," replied the gentleman from Brooklyn.

CHAIRMAN REEDER'S LETTER.

We call the attention of voters in Centre county to the letter published in another column from chairman Reeder of the State Republican committee in which he calls the attention of the voters to the importance of personal attention to the matter of registration. It is also a warning to township and borough committeemen to see that all republican voters in their districts are properly on the list so that on election day there will be no obstruction to their voting promptly. With our present new law it is more important than ever that this matter should be attended to in season for at the first election under the new law their will no doubt be more or less confusion. Proper care before election day, will lessen this in a great degree. Committeemen, therefore, all over the county, should educate themselves in all the requirements of the law and thereby be prepared to render all service necessary to voters both before and on election day. We hope the republicans of Centre county will be fully prepared to perform their duty understandingly. We hope republican committeemen will do their whole duty to their party and the voters.

The consistency of Free-Trade Democrats is something remarkable. The Democratic platform denies that our country has prospered. Edward Atkinson, a distinguished Democratic Free-Trader, says that it was never so prosperous before. The Democratic platform asserts that prices are higher and wages lower since the new Tariff law passed. Two Democratic Senators, Carlisle and Harris, agree with the other members of the committee that prices are lower and wages higher since the enactment of that law. But, then, what consistency can be expected from a party whose sole claim to power has rested on the howls of calamityites and vaporings of cranks?

THE value of our exports of breadstuffs and provisions, which it was supposed the incentive of a low Tariff and large importations from abroad would have greatly augmented, has fallen from $68,000,000 in 1847 to $21,000,000 in 181, with almost a certainty of a still further reduction in 182. The policy which dictated a low rate of duties on foreign merchandise, it was thought by those who established it would tend to benefit the farming population of the country by increasing the demand and raising the price of our agricultural products in foreign markets. The forgoing facts, however, seem to show, incontestibly, that no such result has followed the adoption of the policy.—*President Fillmore, Annual Message*, 1851.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

We Have Received the Following Letter From the State Committee With the Request That We Publish It

PHILADELPHIA, PA, August, 26th 1892.

My Dear Sir:

I desire to call your attention to the following important matters, and urge you to see that the voters or active workers give them the proper attention, viz.:

1. That all who desire to vote on November 8th, must be registered on or before Thursday, September 8th, that being the last day for registering.

2 The act of may 29th, 1891 (*P. L. 184*) provides that "it shall" be the duty of assessors to assess, from time to time, *on the "personal application* of anyone claiming the right to vote."

Under this provision of the law, the *voter must make personal application* to the ascessors to have his name added to the list of voters. The assessor will be present at the election house of each district on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, and Thursday, Sept. 8, between the hours of three o'clock and six o'clock, P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of hearing and acting upon applications for *Assessment* and *Registry*.

3. No person shall be permitted to vote at the election, whose name is not in said list, unless he shall make proof of his right to vote as heretofore required by law.

4. In view of the difficulties that will arise under the new Ballot Law from want of knowledge on the part of the voter you will readily understand the importance of having the voter's name upon the list, so that he may have as little trouble as possible in casting his ballot.

5. Therefore, see that every Republican voter is registered.

6. Full instructions to Voters and Election Officers will be issued by this Committee, with a form of Ballot within the next few days.

7. Make some arrangements to inform the Voters and all the Vigilants fully as to the provisions of the new Ballot Law, so that they may not lose their vote through want of knowledge.

Very respectfully yours,
FRANK REEDER
CHAIRMAN

Frank Willing Leach,
Sec.

TARIFF AND PRICES.

The following extract from President Cleveland's noted tariff-for-revenue-only message of 1887 reads like very primitive political economy in this day:

These [tariff] laws, in their logical and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles. Many of these things, however, are raised or manufactured in our own country, and the duties now levied upon foreign goods and products are called protection to these home manufactures, because they render it possible for those of our people who are manufacturers to make these taxed articles and sell them for a price equal to that demanded for the imported goods that have paid customs-duty. So it happens that while comparatively few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who never used and never saw any of the foreign products, purchased and use things of the same kind made in this country, and pay therefor nearly or quite the same enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles.

After all the threshing over and discussion of the tariff question before the people since that message was sent in, the public understands thoroughly two principles of political economy which are wholly ignored by President Cleveland—or, more properly speaking, are contradicted. The first is that where there is home competition in an article the foreign producer of that article pays a whole or a part of the tariff in order to enter the market. The second is that home comepetition in the manufacture of nearly all protected articles has brought the price down in many cases to a price lower than the duty upon it alone, and in some cases to as low a point as the foreign manufactured article. There is an endless series of examples in this in nearly every manufactured article on which a tariff is levied. Every newspaper reader can recall examples from his own reading.

President Cleveland never reiterated and never defended this remarkable statement, which appeared in his tariff message. Presumably he grew ashamed of it.

GENERAL HASTINGS while in great Britain investigated the effect of the McKINLEY bill in that country. He found that since the bill was passed there have been 270 strikes for higher wages in Great Britain, two of these strikes involving over a million people. It is not much wonder that the Englishmen are all hoping for the election of Mr. Cleveland.

QUESTIONS FOR FREE TRADERS.

How do you explain the increase in pauperism from 1 in 24 of the population of New York State in 1851, to 1 in 17 of the population in 1856— all during the "golden days" of our last Free-Trade Tariff?

Are British manufacturers who declare dividends of 15 and 33 1-5 per cent. robber barons.

Do you believe Senator Carlisle, who has always been considered the greatest Free-Trader of you all when he tells you that prices averaged lower and wages higher on September 1, 1891, than during June, July and August, 1889.

If so, were you lying or yourself deceived in your irrepressible howling about McKinley prices and reduced wages since the new Tariff passed.

How do you explain the decline in Englands's silk manufacture from $60,000,000 a year under Protection to $7,500,000 now.

Does not the increase of imports of silk goods from $11,000,000 under Protection to $55,000,000 under Free-Trade explain it.

Would not our own production of silk goods which rose from $35,000,000 in 1892 to about $60,000,000 now, fall off similarly if we adopted Free-Trade.

Is there an ironworker in England who averages even one-seventh of $29.85 a day, which is the average net wages per day paid by A. R. Whitney & Co. from July 1, 1891 to July 1, 1892 to their rollers on cotton ties and steel hoops?

If the McKinley Tariff does not protect the farmer, why have imports of farm products greatly decreased?

If it depresses the prices of farm products, why are they 18 per cent. higher than two years ago?

If it has stimulated the use of shoddy, why does the census show that less shoddy is used than ever before?

If it raised prices of manufactures, why do Democratic Senators agree that those prices are lower?

If Protection is a "fraud," why was Benjamin Franklin a Protectionist?

How can Protection be unconstitutional when the Supreme Court of the United States, is one authority competent to pronounce upon that question has over and over again affirmed the constitutionality of Protective Tariffs?

Is it possible that the very men who framed the Constitution passed an unconstitutional measure when they enacted the first Tariff law?

Did the great expounder of the Constitution Daniel Webster, not know a constitutional law when he saw it?

If the Springer Free-Wool bill would benefit manufacturers, why have 90 per cent. of the wool manufacturers protested to Congress against its passage?

If cheapness is a sign of prosperity, why do you one and all, mourn over cheapness when it effects your own business?

If Free-Trade Cleveland is a Jeffersonian Democrat, what was Protectionist Jefferson himself?—American *Economist*.

SOUTHERN OPINION ON A FREE BALLOT.

"ANY Democrat who will vote the Third party ticket is a coward, a scoundrel and a traitor, and ought to be hung. Thus spoke ex Judge Green, of Danville, at the Democratic ratification meeting in that city, and this murderous sentiment was greeted by the audience with tremendous applause which lasted several minutes."

The *Virginia Sun*, the Virginia organ of the Peoples party, quotes the above humane sentiment of Judge Green, and then proceeds to argue that it requires considerable courage for a Democrat to vote a Third party ticket in face of the violent predjuices and bigotry indicated by such expressions as this one quoted. As to being a traitor, the *Sun* concludes:

"To what are we traitors, then? It can only be that we are traitors to the Democratic party, which party has first betrayed us and all our most cherished convictions to the Mugwumps of New England. The Democratic party has betrayed us, and further allegiance to that party becomes nothing less than a debauched slavery. To be a traitor to corruption is to be a friend of Right. "If this be treason, then make the most of it."

FIGURE THIS OUT.

A little sum in arithmetic: If our sales with reciprocity countries increase in less than a year from $32,196,149 to to $42,326,678 how long will it take to reach one hundred million, *provided the democratic party is kept out of power?*

It has been discovered that the mosquito conveys the germs of smallpox and other contagious diseases. The mosquitoes ought to be vaccinated.

SHORT TARIFF SERMONS.

The Good Old Times.

Despite all the talk about the hardships of the farmer, he is a king compared to his father or grandfather.

If he doubts, let him hunt up the old gentleman's day book of forty years ago and note the prices then.

A bushel of wheat would buy ⅔ of a barrel of salt: it will now buy two barrels.

A bushel of corn would buy 7½ pounds of sugar: to-day it will buy 12⅔ pounds.

Ten pounds of butter bought 33⅓ yards of cotton cloth then: now it purchases 48⅔ yards.

Ten pounds of cheese were worth 25 pounds of nails: the cheese now pays for 54 pounds of nails.

A pound of washed wool grown ten years before the war would buy 1-5 of a barrel of salt, 3 5-6 pounds of sugar, 3 2-3 yards of cotton cloth or 10 pounds of nails. To-day this one pound of wool will pay for ⅔ of a barrel of salt, 8 pounds of sugar, 6½ yards of cotton cloth and 22 pounds of nails.

These figures are based on New York City prices. But as a matter of fact he never realized anything like those prices in his local market.

Freights were high, and when the cost of bringing produce to the New York market was deducted from New York prices for farm produce, and the cost of bringing the merchandise from New York to the village store at which he traded was added to the price of what he bought the average farmer was really not more than half as well off ten years before the war as our figures would indicate.

For instance, in 1875 it cost 25½ cents to bring a bushel of wheat by the cheapest route from Chicago to New York: in 1891 it cost less than six cents.

Surrounded by these conditions, life on the farm was hard indeed. Calico and Kentucky jean had to do for Sunday garments, and an ox cart in which to ride to church was the height of style.

Luxuries for the table were almost unknown: Johnny cake and salt pork was a princely diet.

Those were days of hard times, when the farmer cradled his grain, and raked and bound it by hand.

He toiled early and late, saved and scrimped, and received less return for a week of hardest toil than the farmer in 1892 receives for a single day's pleasant ride on a mowing machine or a self-binder.

Let us have no more of such "good old times."

COMMUTATION OF H. CLAY KING'S DEATH.

The New York *Evening Post* is a powerful moral engine. There are some crimes that do not awaken such bitter condemnation in the mind of the *Post* at a time when they would influence the political chances of its favorite candidate as at other times. The following was probably written of the H Clay King case before the *Post* had learned that Grover Cleveland had offered his hopes of clemency to the prisoner, and is all the more likely to be true on that account. Says the *Post*:

"It would be difficult to conceive of a more flagrant abuse of executive power in case of capital crime than Governor Buchanan of Tennessee has committed in commuting the sentence of Col. Henry Clay King from hanging to imprisonment for life. Colonel King was proved beyond question to have been guilty of as deliberate and cold blooded a murder as any man ever commited. He walked up to his victim in the public streets of Memphis and, placing a pistol against his body shot him without warning and without giving him a chance to defend himself. Every court in the State before which the case was tried pronounced him guilty of murder in the first degree. There were no extenuating circumstances, a fact which is sufficiently emphasized by the successive findings by several courts of verdicts of murder in a community in which verdicts of that kind in "affairs of honor" are rare occurrences. That they were rendered against King who has been a distinguished soldier in the Confederate army and a brilliant member of the bar since the war, was an encouraging sign of advancing civilization in the State. The Governor has done all he could to check this advance by his indefensible course."

And yet, in a letter to King's neice, Grover Cleveland said:

"Notwithstanding this, I feel that there are circumstances in your uncle's case which ought to appeal strongly to the pardoning power and I earnestly hope that such representations may be made to your Governor as will avert the execution of the death sentence which has been pronounced"

Protection transplants European industries to the United States.

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL LISIMON.

Twenty years before the period of which we are writing, a certain wealthy Spaniard, calling himself Juan Moraquitos, came to New Orleans and took up his abode in a superb villa residence, sufficiently removed from the din and bustle of the city, and yet commanding a view of the wide sweep of waters, and the dense forests of masts that thronged the levee.

He brought many slaves, and a young wife, a pale Spanish beauty.

Within six months of the arrival of Don Juan Moraquitos at New Orleans, his wife died, leaving little Camillia—an only daughter.

An old female slave whispered strange stories of the past.

For six years, the father scarce noticed the babe, who reminded him of his wife.

He had a small estate on the banks of the Mississippi. It was a little paradise.

Here, under care of two women, the infant was placed. The slave Pepita, who had nursed Olympia, the mother of Camillia, in her childhood, and had attended her in her death-hour; and another female slave called Zarah, a woman whose husband had been sold to a merchant in Florida, but who had been allowed to keep her son with her. He was an active negro boy of about six years old. These two women, with a couple of stout negro slaves, who worked in the gardens, composed the entire establishment of the baby heiress.

Time passed; the rosy lips began to form half-inarticulate murmurs, then gentle and loving words. The baby learned to speak her nurse's name, to prattle with the negro lad—Zarah's son.

Pepita, the infant's foster-mother, loved the child with devotion.

Zarah attended to the household work and waited on the nurse and her foster-child.

As the baby, Camillia, grew into a laughing girl, the young negro loved to amuse the little heiress by indulging in all kinds of rough and impish gambols for her gratification.

Pepita often let Tristan, the negro boy, watch the slumbering child. It was six years after the death of Olympia when the stern father's heart first relented to his orphan child.

He would see her!

Even though the spirit of his lost Olympia seemed to rise from the grave, and gaze at him, out of the eyes of Camillia. The little girl was asleep upon a grassy bank.

She awoke at the sound of the Spaniard's footstep, and uttered a scream of terror.

The loneliness of her life had made the child timid.

"You are not frightened of me, Camilla?"

"No."

"Yet you screamed when I first saw you! A strange welcome for your father, Camillia."

"Father? Are you my father?"

"Yes, my Camillia, will you love me?"

"I will try," answered the child, quietly.

Don Juan clasped his child to his breast.

"I have a playfellow here," said the child, pointing to the young negro.

"Tristan is no playfellow for my little Camillia. Tristan is a slave."

The young negro heard every word.

"A slave!" he muttered, as Don Juan led the child toward the house. "A slave! Yes, I have been told that often enough!"

A week after this, Camillia, the nurse, Pepita, Zarah, and the boy, Tristan, were removed to the Villa Moraquitos, in the suburbs of New Orleans.

Camillia was now under the care of a governess, a French woman, Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi. This lady took no pleasure in the antics of Tristan—so he seldom saw Camillia.

It was in the depth of the brief winter when the brother-in-law of Don Juan Moraquitos arrived at the villa.

He was the only surviving relative of the Spaniard's dead wife, her older brother, dearly beloved by her, but he who had forced upon her the marriage with his friend, Don Juan. His name was Tomaso Crivello.

He had come from Mexico on a tour through the United States, and had arrived at New Orleans—to die.

Yes; the hand of death was upon him!

Three days after he expired in the arms of his brother-in-law.

Half an hour before he died he became conscious, and implored Don Juan to send for an attorney. It was necessary that he should make a will.

The attorney sent for by the Spaniard was no other than Silas Craig.

On the reading of the will it was found that Don Tomaso had left his entire fortune to his brother-in-law, Don Juan. But Don Tomaso had not come to the villa alone. He had brought a boy—about eight years of age. He was named Paul.

This Paul was a handsome boy. None knew whence he came, or who he was.

Camillia was the only one from whom he would take comfort.

"My child, come hither," said the Spaniard, one day, addressing Paul.

"Tell me your proper name—besides Paul!"

"They called me Paul Lisimon."

"Lisimon it shall be."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"She died when I was a baby, and I always lived with my father Don Tomaso."

"Do not fear, my child, your future will be my care," and Paul Lisimon was brought up in the household of the Spaniard. Camillia and Paul taking lessons side by side, from Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi.

* * * * * * *

Bill Bowen was at the house of Silas Craig precisely at six o'clock.

After dinner Silas and the visitor retired to the lawyer's private office.

"Now we are alone, Mr. Bowen, what want you?"

"A thousand dollars."

"I gave you a thousand—"

"The day after Gerald Leslie's partner, Philip Treverton, DIED!"

"Come, come, Bowen, don't excite yourself," said Silas. "You shall have the money."

"Listen to what people say of Mr. Treverton's death; he lost heavily at play; he could not pay up; he was insulted by a stranger, and stabbed in a kind of duel. The murderer's party carrying off the body. A fortnight afterward the body was found in the Mississippi; the face could not be recognized, but from papers found in the pocket, the corpse was known to be that of Treverton—it was therefore buried in the Treverton vault. The police failed to discover the murderer. On Gerald Leslie's return from Europe he examined the papers of his late partner—which had been sealed up. That for which Leslie looked most anxiously was a certain document, the receipt for one hundred thousand dollars, paid to Mr. Silas Craig, attorney and money-lender. He did not find it!"

"You shall have the money, William!"

"I ain't in no hurry," replied Bowen. "Now I want to take a squint at whatever lies behind yonder map." Silas suppressed a half-muttered oath; but reluctantly touched a spring. A door flew back. They entered a long narrow passage. At its end was a window having a view of a large gambling saloon!

CHAPTER VII.

PRIDE OF CASTE.

Nearly a month has elapsed since the arrival of the Virginia in the harbor of New Orleans, and still Adelaide Horton and Cora had not met.

The young creole, generous-hearted as she was, had never felt the same affection for her old schoolfellow since the fatal revelation made by Silas Craig. It was in vain that the generosity of her nature would have combated with the prejudices of her education; pride of caste was the stronger, and she could not but despise Cora, the lovely descendant of slaves. In the meantime the two girls had ceased to meet. The nature of Adelaide Horton was capricious and volatile, and, in a few days, she had almost dismissed Cora's image from her memory.

Indolent, like all creoles, Adelaide spent the greater part of her days in a rocking-chair, reading a novel, while fanned by her favorite slave Myra. Mortimer Percy was, as we know, by no means the most attentive of lovers, although living in the same house as that occupied by his fair cousin. He saw her but seldom, and then evinced an indifference and listlessness which often wounded the volatile girl.

"How weary and careless he is," she thought; "how different to Gilbert Margrave, the artist, the poet, the enthusiast!"

Alas, Adelaide, beware of that love which is given without return! Beware of the bitter humiliation of finding that he whom you have secretly admired and reverenced—he whose image you have set upon the altar of your heart, and have worshiped in the sanctity of silence and of dreaming—that even he, the idol, the beloved, looks on you with indifference, while another usurps the earnest devotion of his poet soul.

Adelaide Horton had ample time for indulgence in those waking dreams which are often so dangerous. A school-girl, young, romantic, frivolous, ignorant of the harsh ways of the world, she built fair castles in the air—ideal palaces in a lovely dreamland, which were only too soon to be shattered to the ground.

Gilbert Margrave came to New Orleans armed with those brilliant schemes of inventions in machinery, which might, as he fondly hoped, supersede slave labor, though not militating against the employment of the many.

He came well furnished with letters of introduction from powerful men of England, to the planters and merchants of New Orleans; but though he met with much politeness and hospitality, the Louisianians shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads when he revealed his opinions and tried to win their approval of his plans. They looked upon the handsome young engineer with a feeling something akin to pity. He was an enthusiast, and, like all enthusiasts, no doubt a little of a madman.

One of the first houses at which Gilbert Margrave presented himself, was that of Augustus Horton. He found Adelaide and her aunt alone in their favorite morning room; one lounging in her rocking-chair, the other as usual, busy at an embroidery frame.

The young creole looked very pretty in her loose and floating morning robe of India muslin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and peach-colored ribbons. Her hair was arranged in clusters of short ringlets, which trembled in the summer breeze, wafted in through the Venetian blinds of the veranda.

As the name of Gilbert Margrave was announced, the animated girl sprang from her easy chair, and, flinging down her book ran forward to receive the long-looked-for visitor.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "I was sure you would come, but I have looked out for you so anxiously—I mean we all have," she added, blushing.

"A thousand thanks for your kind welcome, Miss Horton. Believe me, your house is one of the very first to which I have directed my steps."

"How good you are to remember us?"

"Say, rather, how selfish," replied Gilbert. "Do you think it is no happiness, in a foreign country, to find one circle at least where one is not a stranger?"

"Nay, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Montresor; "will you not call us a circle of friends?"

"But pray sit down," exclaimed Adelaide, pointing to a low chair near a stand of perfumed exotics in one of the windows, "sit down and tell us all your adventures by land and by sea, especially the latter, and how you have survived the hair-breadth escapes and ventures of the briny Atlantic."

Gilbert Margrave told, in a few words, the particulars of his voyage, which had been a rapid and a pleasant one; "so rapid a passage," he continued with a smile, "that I trust I am yet in time to assist at the wedding of Miss Horton and my old friend Mortimer Percy."

A shade of vexation crossed Adelaide's face.

"I really do not see," she said, "why all the world should be in such a hurry for this marriage. There is surely time enough. One would think I was in danger of becoming an old maid, or else that everybody was desirous of getting rid of me."

"I do not think there is much fear of either contingency," replied Gilbert, laughing.

"The truth is, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Montresor, "that my dear Adelaide is a spoiled child, and because her cousin happens to be a very sensible, high-principled young man, but not exactly a hero of romance, she thinks herself called upon to affect a contempt for him. But I know her better than she knows herself, and I am certain that, at the bottom of her heart, she cherishes a very sincere affection for Mortimer."

"How can you know what's at the bottom of my heart, when I don't know myself, aunt Lucy?" exclaimed Adelaide, impatiently; "upon my word I think no girl was ever so cruelly used as I have been. Other people make up a marriage for me, other people tell me whom I love, when I ought to know a great deal better than they do. It's really shameful!"

If the real cause of Adelaide's indignation could have been known, it would have been discovered that her anger was not so much aroused against her aunt as against Gilbert Margrave, for the indifferent manner in which he had spoken of her approaching marriage.

Anxious to quell the storm, of which he little knew himself to be the cause, the young engineer endeavored to turn the conversation, and in order to do so, he asked a question which had been trembling on his lips from the very first.

"Your friend, Miss Leslie," he said; the star of your farewell assembly—you often see her, I suppose, Miss Horton?"

Gilbert Margrave little knew that this very question only added fuel to the fire already raging in the breast of the impetuous girl.

"I have never seen Cora Leslie since our arrival in New Orleans," she answered coldly.

"Indeed! But I thought you such intimate friends. Miss Leslie—she is not ill, I hope?"

His evident anxiety about Cora terribly irritated Adelaide Horton.

"That question I cannot answer. I know nothing whatever of Miss Leslie; for, I repeat, we have not met since we reached America."

"May I ask why this is so, Miss Horton?"

"Because Cora Leslie is no fit associate for the daughter of Edward Horton."

The blood rushed in a crimson torrent to the face of the young engineer. He started from his seat as if he had been shot.

"In Heaven's name, Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "what would you insinuate; surely nothing against the honor of—"

"I insinuate nothing, Mr. Margrave," answered Adelaide. "I simply tell you that the—the person of whom you speak is no companion for me. Whatever friendship once existed between us is henceforth forever at an end—Cora Leslie is a slave!"

A choking sensation had risen to the throat of the young engineer during this speech. Unutterable anguish had possessed him at the thought that he was perhaps about to hear of some stain upon the character of Cora. What, then, was his relief at finding how much he had wronged her purity, even by that fear?

"A slave!" he replied.

"Yes; African blood flows through her veins. She has never been emancipated; she is, therefore, as much a slave as the negroes upon her father's plantation."

"I was led to believe something to this effect on the very night of your aunt's ball in Grosvenor Square, Miss Horton. So far from this circumstance lessening my respect for Miss Leslie, I feel that it is rather exalted thereby into a sentiment of reverence. She is no longer simply a beautiful woman; she henceforth becomes the lovely representative of an oppressed people."

"Your opinions are rather Quixotic, Mr. Margrave," replied Adelaide with a sneer; "and I fear you will find yourself almost in as painful a position as the Spanish knight, if you venture to make them known in New Orleans."

"Whatever danger I may incur of being either ridiculed or persecuted, I shall never conceal my detestation of prejudice and tyranny, and my sympathy with the weak," answered Gilbert proudly. "Pardon me, if I speak warmly on this subject, Miss Horton; it is not to be supposed that you and I should think alike. We represent the opposite sides of the Atlantic."

"Nay, Mr. Margrave," replied Adelaide, whose brief outburst of anger had passed like a thunder cloud in a sunny sky, "it is I who should ask pardon. I fear I am a passionate and heartless creature, but I cannot help feeling some indignation against Mr. Leslie for the cheat he has put on us."

Adelaide Horton scarcely dared own to herself that it was jealousy of Gilbert's evident partiality for Cora, rather than anger against the young girl herself, that had been the cause of her cruel words.

Augustus Horton entered the room at this moment, and Adelaide presented her brother to the young engineer.

There was little sympathy between Gilbert Margrave and the planter of New Orleans. Augustus had never quitted the Southern States, except on the occasion of one or two brief visits to New York. His ideas were narrow, his prejudices deeply rooted. He was by no means free from the vices of his fellow-citizens; he was known to frequent the gambling-houses, which in spite of the law promulgated for their suppression, still existed in New Orleans; but he was known, also to be prudent, even in the midst of his dissipation, and never to have jeopardized the splendid estate left him by his father.

But hospitality is an universal virtue with the creoles, and Augustus bade the young engineer a hearty welcome to his house.

They conversed for some time on indifferent subjects, and Gilbert, having accepted an invitation to dinner for the following day, was about to take his leave, when he was prevented by the entrance of the slave, Myra.

The girl approached her mistress with an embarrassed manner unusual to her.

"What is the matter with you, Myra?" asked Augustus impatiently. "What are you standing there for? Why don't you speak?"

"Oh, if you please, massa," stammered the girl, "there is a young person below who asks to see my mistress, and who calls herself Miss Leslie."

"Gerald Leslie's daughter here!" exclaimed Augustus. "This is too much. This is what her father exposes us to in not teaching this girl her real position."

"What is to be done?" asked Adelaide, turning pale.

"Can you ask?" replied her brother. "Surely there is but one course. I will ask Myra here," he added, pointing to the young quadroon. "Tell me, girl, what do you think of this young person?"

"Why, massa, I—I—thought in spite of the whiteness of her skin, she must be—"

"Of the same rank as yourself; is it not so?"

"Yes, massa."

"Very well, then; do you think it possible that your mistress could receive her as a visitor—as an equal?"

"Oh, no, massa!" exclaimed the girl.

"That is enough. You can let her know this."

Myra courtesied, and was about to leave the room, when Gilbert Margrave arrested her by an imperious motion of his hand.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "Pardon me, Mr. Horton, if I presume to say that this must not be. I had the honor of meeting Miss Leslie one evening at the house of your aunt. Permit me, therefore, to spare her an insult which I should feel myself a dastard in tolerating. Allow me to carry your answer to Miss Leslie?"

"You, sir!" exclaimed Augustus Horton.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Horton, if I appear to make a bad return for the kind welcome you were so ready to offer to a stranger; but remember that the customs and prejudices of the South are new to me, and forgive me if I say that the conduct which on your part would be only natural, would become on mine an abominable cowardice!"

"Sir!" cried the indignant Augustus.

Before he could say more Gilbert Margrave had bowed deferentially to the ladies, and to the angry planter himself.

"Oh, it is too clear—he loves her!" exclaimed Adelaide, when they were alone.

"And even if he does," said her aunt, quietly; "what difference can it possibly make to Miss Adelaide Horton that is—Mrs. Mortimer Percy that is to be?"

Crimson blushes mounted to Adelaide's face at this remark. She made no answer, but with an angry look at her aunt, hurried from the room.

This display of emotion had not escaped the penetrating eye of her brother.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this, my dear aunt?" he asked.

"I very much fear, Augustus, that your sister has no great inclination to marry her cousin, Mortimer Percy."

"And the cause of this inclination is some foolish preference for the insolent European who has just left us?"

"Unhappily, yes."

"This is too humiliating," exclaimed Augustus, walking rapidly up and down the apartment; "my sister degrades herself by evincing a marked predilection for a man who is indifferent to her, and the object of her admiration does her the honor to prefer a slave!"

CHAPTER VIII.

TOBY TELLS THE STORY OF THE MURDERED FRANCILLA.

On an elevated terrace, fifty feet above the margin of a lake, was situated the summer pavilion occupied by the once wealthy planter, Gerald Leslie.

Thick shrubberies of magnolia and arbutus, intersected by winding pathways, and varied by rockeries, lay between the terrace and the limpid waters below. Tall palms spread their feathery branches above the roof of the pavilion, and exotic flowers bloomed beneath the colonnade of bamboo work which surrounded the light edifice. A flight of marble steps led from the glass door of the pavilion, and a balustrade of the same pure white material stretched the whole length of the terrace, at each end of which were sculptured marble vases, filled with rarest blossoms. A flower garden, in exquisite order, surrounded the pavilion, while, exactly opposite the veranda, a rustic table and some garden chairs were placed beneath the luxuriant shade of a banana tree.

Seated on the steps leading from the pavilion, faithful as a dog who listens for the footsteps of his beloved master, the slave Toby might have been seen on the day following that on which Cora had paid her unwelcome visit at the house of Augustus Horton.

Gerald Leslie was at his office in New Orleans, where business often detained him when the best wishes of his heart would have kept him by his daughter's side.

The summer afternoon was hot and sultry, and all the windows were open. The slave seemed to be listening eagerly for some sound within.

"All is silent," he said, sorrowfully; "that pretty bird sings no more. What has happened? Something, I know. I saw by her sad face when she returned from New Orleans yesterday, that all was not well with the young mistress. The sorrows of those he loves cannot escape the old eyes of poor Toby."

At this moment, a light footstep sounded behind him, and Cora Leslie emerged from the pavilion.

The young girl was dressed in the thinnest white muslin, which floated round her graceful figure ærial as some vapory cloud in a summer sky. She was pale, and a mournful shadow dimmed the orient splendor of her large black eyes. She descended the marble steps slowly, without perceiving the faithful slave who had risen at her approach, and who stood aside regarding her earnestly.

"Miss Cora is sad," he said presently; "will she forgive the poor slave if he presumes to ask why?"

She started at the sound of the mulatto's voice, and turning toward him held out her hand silently.

Toby took the little hand in his and raised it to his lips.

"Miss Cora does not deny that she is sad," he repeated.

"Not so much sad, Toby, as bewildered," replied the young girl. "My reception at the house of my old schoolfellow has filled my mind with perplexity. What could be the meaning of Adelaide Horton's conduct?"

"Forgive me, Miss Cora, if I remind you that your father particularly requested you not to leave the house during his absence."

"I know, Toby, I know. But why that request? Why am I a prisoner here? Why is my father's manner more indicative of sorrow than joy at my return to Louisiana? Why, on my first visit to the friend of my youth, do I find the door shut in my face?"

"But the English gentleman who conducted you home explained the reason of that, Miss Cora?"

"No, Toby; Mr. Margrave endeavored to explain, but in doing so he only revealed his embarrassment. There is some secret in all this. Some mystery that— Hark!"

The sound which arrested Cora's attention was the trampling of a horse's hoofs upon the carriage drive below the terrace.

"Hulloa!" cried a voice from the same direction. "Hulloa, there! Is there any one to hold my horse?"

"A visitor!" exclaimed Cora.

"It is Mr. Augustus Horton," said Toby, looking over the balustrade.

"Adelaide's brother! Then I will see him."

"But in your father's absence, Miss Cora?" murmured the slave, anxiously.

"I will see him," repeated Cora; "he may come to offer an explanation—Heaven knows it is needed."

"Hulloa! is every one asleep here?" cried the voice below.

"Coming, massa," answered Toby, running down the terrace steps.

Three minutes afterward Augustus Horton made his appearance in the flower garden, where Cora awaited him. He bowed carelessly to the young girl without raising his hat, but fixing upon her lovely face a gaze of ardent admiration.

He carried a light riding-whip in his hand and was smoking a cigar, which he did not remove from his mouth.

"Miss Cora Leslie, I presume?" he said.

Cora bowed.

"Mr. Leslie is not at home, I understand?"

"I am expecting his return, at any moment, Mr. Horton," answered Cora.

Something in the planter's familiar manner, and in his ardent gaze filled the young girl with indignant surprise, and she looked at him with a glance of astonishment as he flung a sealed packet upon the table, and seated himself, without invitation, in one of the rustic chairs.

"I have some papers to restore to your father," he said; "but this is not the whole object of my visit. My sister told me that you were lovely, Miss Leslie, but now I perceive that in such a case a woman never tells more than half the truth."

Cora had remained standing during his speech. She now seated herself in the chair opposite to that taken by the young planter, and said, calmly—

"Pardon me, Mr. Horton; but I imagined that the object of your visit here—"

"Was to reply to the letter addressed by you to my sister, Adelaide? Yes, Miss Leslie, that letter proved to us that Mr. Margrave had not properly acquitted himself of the commission which he undertook."

"How so, sir?"

"My sister much regretted not being able to receive you, yesterday, and I should have shared those regrets, had she not chosen me to bring you her excuses."

"It is not an excuse which I require, Mr. Horton, but an explanation," replied Cora, with dignity.

Augustus shrugged his shoulders.

"What further explanation can you require, Miss Leslie," he said; "the preparations of her approaching marriage? A little touch of headache, perhaps? Is not this sufficient to explain all?"

"No, sir it is not. Because I would rather hear the truth, bitter as the truth may be, than these courteous mockeries which put me to the rack. Mr. Percy's opposition to my return to America; my father's emotion on beholding me; the strange isolation in which I am kept; and lastly, your sister's extraordinary conduct of yesterday—all these prove to me that some terrible fatality overshadows me; a fatality of which I am ignorant, but which I am determined to discover."

"Nay, Miss Leslie, what is that you would seek to know? why not be content to reign by your grace and beauty? for the fatality of which you speak can cast no cloud upon your loveliness; and even the jealousy of our wives and sisters cannot rob you of your sovereignty."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"And yet I endeavored to make myself understood. Ah, Miss Leslie! we are but strangers, newly met within this hour; but we Creoles are the children of a southern clime, and our passions are gigantic as the palms which wave above your head—rapid in growth as the lilies on the breast of yonder lake. Love, with us, is a flame; suppressed, it is true, yet needing but one spark from the torch of beauty to cause a conflagration."

"Sir!" cried Cora, indignantly.

The young girl felt that the Creole's burning passionate words veiled a meaning which was an insult to her.

"Nay, hear me, hear me, Cora," continued Augustus Horton; "there is, perhaps, a secret; there is, it may be, a fatality which overshadows your young life. Be mine, and none shall ever taunt you with that fatal secret; be mine, and you shall be the proudest in Louisiana, the queen of New Orleans, the idol of your lover's devoted heart; be mine, and the debt owed me by your father shall be canceled; be mine, and I will tear into a hundred fragments the bill which I hold for fifty thousand dollars, and which it will half ruin Gerald Leslie to pay."

Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving with offended modesty, Cora Leslie rose from her chair.

"Toby," she called, without even replying by so much as a look to the planter's appeal.

"Cora Leslie, what would you do?" exclaimed the Creole, rising.

"Toby!" repeated Cora.

"Beware, young lady!"

The mulatto appeared in answer to the summons of his young mistress.

"Toby, you will conduct this gentleman to the gates of my father's grounds, and remember that if he ever again dares to present himself here, it will be your duty to refuse him admittance. You hear?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Go, sir," said Cora, looking at Augustus for the first time since she had risen from her seat; "I am but a stranger in New Orleans, and you have done much to enlighten me as to the character of its inhabitants. You have done well to choose the hour of a father's absence to insult his only daughter. Go!"

"I obey you, Miss Leslie," answered Augustus, white with rage, and trembling in every limb with suppressed passion. "Believe me, I shall not forget our interview of to-day, and shall take an opportunity to remind you of it on some future occasion. For the present I am your debtor; but trust me, the hour of settlement will come between us, when you shall pay dearly for this insolence. In the meantime," he added, turning to the mulatto, "in order to teach your young mistress her proper position, be good enough to relate to her the story of Francilia."

With one savage glance at the indignant girl, he hurried down the terrace steps, sprang into the saddle, put spurs to his horse, and then rode off at a gallop.

"Francilia!" exclaimed Cora; "Francilia! what could he mean? Speak, Toby, tell me, who was this Francilia."

The mulatto hung his head, and was silent.

"Speak, I say," repeated Cora.

"Francilia—was—a slave, belonging to Mr. Leslie, Miss Cora."

"Well, then, what could she have in common with me? Why did that man cast her name in my face as an insult?"

Toby made no reply.

"You do not answer me. Good Heavens! a terrible light flashes upon me. Speak, speak!" cried the excited girl, grasping the arm of the slave in her slender hand, "Toby, speak!"

The mulatto fell on his knees at the feet of his young mistress, and cried imploringly.

"Miss Cora, in the name of mercy do not look at me thus."

"Toby, tell me," murmured Cora, in a voice hoarse with emotion; "who was my mother?"

"Mistress, dear mistress, for pity's sake do not ask me. I have promised not to reveal—"

"You said just now that you loved me," answered Cora; "if you spoke the truth, prove your affection; tell me who was my mother."

"Your mother—" faltered the slave; "no, no, I cannot, I dare not."

"But I command you—nay, I implore."

"Your mother—was called—Francilia."

"Oh, merciful Heaven, have pity on me!" cried Cora, hiding her face in her hands; then, after a long pause—she said sorrowfully—

"And I did not even know the name of my mother. Francilia! a slave! this then is the secret of my life. Alas! she is dead: is she not?"

"She is."

"Dead, far from her child, who was not even permitted to weep for her."

"Thank Heaven that you do not curse her memory," murmured Toby, rising.

"Curse her!" exclaimed Cora; "would that I could embrace her, as I do you," she added, throwing her arms about the old man's neck.

"Me, Miss Cora! me, a mulatto!" remonstrated Toby, gently repulsing her.

"What of that? Does not the same blood flow in our veins? are we not of the same down-trodden race? Ah, speak, speak, Toby, you knew my mother; tell me of her; you see I am calm, I can listen."

She drew the mulatto to one of the garden-chairs, and forcing him to sit down, placed herself at his feet; her hands in his; her eyes raised to his face.

"Francilia was but fifteen years of age," Toby began, "when a slave merchant brought her to Mr. Leslie; she was a Quadroon, beautiful as you are, though her skin was not so white. She had long black hair, and large dark eyes, whose sweet and gentle glance I can see in yours. She was at first employed in the service of Mrs. Leslie. Oh, Heaven! poor child, how happy and light-hearted she was then; her joyous voice warbling the soft melodies of her nation; her merry laugh ringing through the corridors of the house. I saw her, and I dared to love her! That time was the happiest of my life, for she too loved me. Fools that we were. What right has the slave to love? The slave who belongs to another. One day, Francilia left for Saint Louis, with her master and mistress. They were to be absent some weeks. I was to remain behind. In bidding me farewell she left me this silver ring, which I wear on my finger. I would give it you, dear mistress, but I have sworn to keep it till my death. When Francilia—returned—she—"

The slave paused, overcome by emotion.

"Speak, speak, Toby!" said Cora.

"Oh, for pity's sake, do not accuse her! You know not what it is to be a slave, bound to obey, body and soul, the commands of a master. Is not even resistance a crime? When Francilia returned she had become your father's mistress. She confessed all to me, with tears, and heart-rending grief! A terrible rage possessed me! I was like a drunken man! If, in that moment, Mr. Leslie had appeared before me, I know that I should have become a murderer. But the habit of suffering teaches resignation to the slave. This first fury past, I felt my energy abandon me, and I could only weep with Francilia over our vanished happiness. Alas, poor child, she no longer laughed, she no longer sang!"

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

"It was only when you came into the world," continued Toby, "that she seemed to re-attach herself to life, and I, bestowing on you all the deep devotion that I had felt for her—forgive me, Miss Cora, I loved you as if you had been my own child."

"Dear Toby."

"But she—oh, how she loved you. With more than a mother's love; with the love of the slave, who knows that even her child is not her own, but is a slave like herself—and who dares not slumber beside the cradle of her infant, for they take away the children while the mother sleeps, and she awakes, perhaps, to find the cradle empty."

"Oh, cruel, cruel!"

"But this was not the fate with which you were threatened. Mr. Leslie had married a vain and capricious woman. They had no children, and his life was not a happy one. His love for you was intense—all the more intense, as he was compelled to conceal from all an affection which would have been considered a weakness. Your father's love for you had reassured Francilia, when one day (you were then four years old), he announced his determination of taking you to England. Francilia did not utter a word; the silent tears filled her mournful eyes. But when they tore you from her arms, she burst into a tempest of sobs, and fell insensible to the ground."

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"But all that is nothing!" cried the slave, his eyes flashing with vengeful fury; "nothing to—. Yet, no, no! I have no more to tell."

"But I insist on knowing all," exclaimed Cora, vehemently. "What became of my unhappy mother? How did she die?"

"On his return from Europe, Mr. Leslie found her tranquil, and apparently resigned; but the glance of those mournful black eyes became an eternal reproach, which irritated and tormented him. He sent her to work on the plantation; but for some reason or other, go where he would, he was always meeting her, always encountering the same melancholy look, which seemed to ask him for her child. At last he could endure it no longer. He sold her."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Cora.

"He sold her to a man of the name of Craig—a bad man—who, under the mask of a sanctimonious life, concealed the base heart of a profligate and a villain. He thought, on purchasing the slave, that he would succeed her late master in her good graces; but finding that he could obtain nothing by persuasion, he would have had recourse to violence, when Francilia seized a knife and buried its blade in her heart."

"Oh, my mother, my murdered mother!"

"A negro belonging to this Craig stole the knife, which he gave to me. I have it still."

Cora sank on her knees, the tears streaming from her eyes, her clasped hands uplifted to Heaven.

"Alas, beloved mother!" she cried, "martyr to the base and cruel laws of this accursed land, it is after fifteen years that your daughter learns your unhappy fate; after fifteen years that she weeps for your memory!"

Continued next week.]

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Waist.. 40 in. 31 in. 11 in.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

For a full crop on the farm commend us to the old hen.—*Lowell Courier.*

It is almost impossible to think of some men reaching a good old age.—*Texas Siftings.*

The fellow who marries the "reigning belle" often has a stormy life.—*Columbus Post.*

It is the lady of doubtful age who believes in "wiping out old scores."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Man is naturally secretive, but he is so boastful that he frequently lets it all out.—*Galveston News.*

After the pickpocket has succeeded in getting his hand in he takes things easily.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Father—"What are you practicing with my daughter now?" Music Master—"Patience."—*Boston Globe.*

Columbia may be "the gem of the ocean," but the City of Paris is the mistress of the seas.—*Boston Traveller.*

"I hain't had no show in life," said the tramp as he jumped into the canal, "but now I'll be dead in it."—*Buffalo Express.*

Perhaps it was a Russian immigrant about whom it was touchingly written, "There's a name that's never spoken."—*Washington Star.*

It is the men who go away from home in search of pleasure who envy the men who stay at home to enjoy it.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

It is a good plan to do an act of unselfishness occasionally by deliberate premeditation, even if great efforts be required.—*Troy Press.*

We have all felt the iron heel of negro domination when we have failed to "tip" the colored waiter on time.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It is a sign you are growing old if, when you visit your friends, you are taken oftener to the cemeteries than to parties.—*Atchison Globe.*

She is a wise woman who knows enough to know a little less about everything than the man she wants to capture.—*Elmira Gazette.*

When a small boy yells "cheese it" you can take it for granted that something has a curd and he wants to get a whey.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Farmer (repairing fence)—"I reckon I ain't much of a hand at a fancy job." City Guest—"Hardly. You see your board is so plain."—*N. Y. Sun.*

He—"Congratulate me. I have just resisted a temptation." She—"What was the temptation?" He—"To propose to you."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The "pace that kills" just now is the dash after a street-car, boat or suburban train, which is better missed than overtaken by such effort.—*N. Y. World.*

A Roman scientist has demonstrated that tobacco smoke will kill any kind of germ. The scientist is off. It don't kill a Germ-an.—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

Things are rapidly approaching a point where the summer young man will have to wear a belt because suspenders are so effeminate.—*Washington Star.*

As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

He—"A woman can't conceal her feelings." She—"Can't, eh; she can kiss a woman she hates." He—"Yes; but she doesn't fool the woman any."—*N. Y. Herald.*

First Police Commissioner.—"What is the charge against McGobb?" Second Police Commissioner—"Entering a drug store while on duty."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"It must be dreadful when a professional singer knows that she has lost her voice!" "But it is still more dreadful when she is not aware of the fact."—*Humoristische Blatter.*

Doctor—"How is it you're not in the country when I advised you to go?" Patient—"Because the money I saved up to go with you took for giving the advice."—*N. Y. Sun.*

She—"When did you first learn that you loved me?" He—"It came like a glad surprise—just after Penelope Peachblow and Dora Tolliver had refused me."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Appleton—"I think the Spanish bull fights much preferable to our prize fights." Plumpton—"Goodness! Why?" Appleton—"Sometimes the bull fighters get killed."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Calling names has about as much effect as the barking of a dog. It generally calls attention to the fact that somebody is passing who is worth looking at.—*Baltimore American.*

"You know you owe me a living," said the young man. "Perhaps I do," answered the world; "but you can't collect it if you are too lazy to hustle around to prove the claim."—*Washington Star.*

He—"I never heard a conundrum yet that could trouble me for a moment," She—(admiringly)—"Can you always answer them, then?" He—"O, no! I always give them up."—*Somerville Journal.*

Mr. De Fashion—"I see an Englishwoman has been fined for having her two dogs pull the baby carriage." Mrs. De Fashion—"She ought to be, the cruel thing. Why didn't she make the baby pull the dogs."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Merritt—"That was a pretty hard doctor's bill I had to pay." De Garry—"How was that?" Merritt—"You see it was for injuries received by being thrown from a horse I was riding by the doctor's advice."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Old Martel—"Whisky has very different effects in different parts of the city." Rowne de Bout—"You don't say so?" Old Martell—"On the Bowery it causes drunkenness, on Wall street alcoholism, and on Fifth avenue heart failure."—*Midsummer Puck.*

"Mrs. Porkchops of Chicago must be disgusted with marriage." "Why do you think so?" "Because she is getting a divorce." "She isn't disgusted with marriage for all that." "No?" "No; she is getting divorced to get married again."—*N. Y. Press.*

Mrs. Bagley (dropping into a chair and throwing off her bonnet)—"We had such a lovely time at the conversazione this afternoon. One of the members has separated from her husband." Mr. Bagley—"And?" Mrs. Bagley—"And she was not present."—*Boston Post.*

Mother—"Mary, go up in the attic and get that photograph of Mrs. Grimson and put it in that new frame on the piano." Mary—"Why, mother, what do you want to put that homely old thing in there for?" Mother—"She is coming to visit us to-morrow."—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

Dead Beat (humbly, to swell, old-time friend of his)—"Lend me five, Bob." Swell (handing it over)—"Now, old man, for goodness' sake don't go and spend it in drink." Dead Beat (haughtily, pocketing the two half crowns)—"What right have you, sir, to dictate to me how I should spend my own money?"—*Tit-Bits.*

It is said that every woman who had an opportunity to speak to Gen. Lew Wallace at the Minneapolis convention made some mention of the chariot race in "Ben Hur." And every woman who didn't have the opportunity would have done the same thing if it had Ben Hur.—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

Most people have two kinds of manners. One they use in the kitchen and the other is saved for parlor use. You never know a man until you know his kitchen manners. One reason that marriage brings out so many unpleasant surprises is that the courtship was based on the parlor manners.—*Atchison Globe.*

HOW MR. BEECHER READ.

His Books Suggested to Him Many of His Best Thoughts.

Stimulated, doubtless, by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's published reminiscences of her husband, a paragraph has recently been circulated to the effect that the great preacher rarely read a book, and never could command the patience necessary to the careful reading of a volume. This is erroneous. Mr. Beecher's library was large, and selected with great care. But after his entrance into public life he had but few leisure hours, and comparatively little time for reading. He was a very slow reader, stopping often to ponder on what he had read.

If his attention was particularly attracted by a passage, or some thought was suggested by it not specially connected with what he was reading, I have seen him drop his book and sit a long time with that intense, far-off look so peculiar to him, and turning quickly to his writing-table begin to write rapidly. This writing would perhaps consist of notes for a sermon, but the book which suggested the thought was forgotten, and perhaps not opened again for a week. Many books in Mr. Beecher's library would seem from their looks never to have been opened.

Yet, after listening to some peculiarly interesting sermon and on questioning him as to how the subject came up before him, he would often say, "Oh it was suggested weeks ago from a few lines in that book," pointing to a set on the shelves opposite his desk.

At one time Mrs. Beecher said: "Why, I never saw you open one of those books!" Quietly he reached for the book, opened it and pointed to a small pencil mark, and on reading the sentence one could understand that the passage might have suggested the topic for the sermon.

Mr. Beecher seldom read novels, and when he did, he would, in all probability, be called away when just in the middle of a chapter. Then he would lay aside the story, and perhaps not take it up again for days. The first early years of Mr. Beecher's public life he used to read Walter Scott's novels for rest and relaxation. Not all of them, but many; so, if he had a favorite writer it was Scott. In looking through the titles of Scott's works Mrs. Beecher recalls that there were some of them which did not, from a superficial examination, especially interest him, and which he never read. But those that he read had a special charm for him during the partial rest of the first spring months. Yet the next year he would read them again with renewed interest, always insisting that he didn't remember them. It is true that Mr. Beecher had a poor verbal memory, and it is doubtful if he could ever repeat a sentence from any work correctly. His friends who knew this trait in him were always uneasy if he attempted to quote a text of Scripture. But he always gave the right meaning even if he didn't give the literal quotation. Often in some illustration there would be some incident from one of Scott's works, greatly enriching what he was illustrating, for which he gave the author full credit, but could never tell from which of Scott's stories he had extracted it, or in what connection the idea had come to him. In later years, his lighter reading was done on the cars going to or returning from a lecture, and he bought from the bookstand what appeared most attractive and the least cumbersome.

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Tough glass chimneys, Macbeth's "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass," almost never break from heat, not one in a hundred.

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Your dealer knows where and how much. It costs more than common glass; and may be, he thinks tough glass isn't good for his business.

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TRADE MARK
Physicians Couldn't Cure. X
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.
DELHI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.
BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect, * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies. THOS. O'REILLY.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
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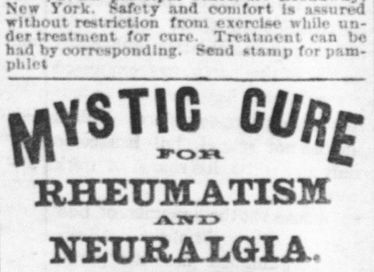
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RAILROADS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 45	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 13	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 26	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 10	5 39
Unionville	24.5	4 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 35	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 39	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 42	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 53	6 40
			EASTWARD	
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Marthe	17.3	8 35	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	5 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.6	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 40	9 15
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 40
Mill Hall	51.3	10 33	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 09

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis. Eastward	A.M	P.M
5 05	1 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 26	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 46	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 19
6 59	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 12

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis. Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m
.0	8.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.32
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5.32
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.34
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.58	5.36
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Paradise f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.03	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.42	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.8	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTBOUND					WESTBOUND				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar — Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.				
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily			11 25	p	m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 33	a	m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10	a	m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 31	a	m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 55	a	m
"	"	Renovo	8 55	a	m
"	arrives Erie		3 40	p	m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys			8 50	a	m
"	"	Harrsburg	12 00		m
"	arrives at Wmsport		3 20	p	m
"	"	Lock Haven	4 10	p	m
"	"	Renovo	5 15	p	m
"	"

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 30 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders or paities unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Criswman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Slade	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P.	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halees " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard " N. G.	Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pott'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

OUR COUNTY CANDIDATES.

The work of the Republican County Convention on Tuesday, August 23rd, was better done than even the delegates at the time dreamed of. Indeed, the men nominated for office are, without exception, men of such sterling quality and good worth that even our esteemed brother editor of the *Watchman* was heard to remark that was the most respectable ticket nominated by any party in Centre county for years, and every person who knows aught of the candidates will readily agree with this assertion.

SAMUEL T. GRAY.

For Associate Judge is a nomination that should appeal not alone to Republicans, but to every good citizen in Centre county who loves to see the laws enforced judiciously, wisely and well. Mr. Gray is one of this county's best known and widely respected farmers. Born and raised in Patton township, following the vocation of a tiller of the soil, his success at which portrays his good judgement and prudence in all the relations of life. In his early life Mr. Gray attended the Bellefonte Academy. He taught school several seasons and was known as one of the best in the county. For twenty-four years he has served his township as justice of the peace and twice has he been elected Auditor of Centre county by good majorities. Being naturally of a studious nature Mr. Gray has read much law in his time so that now there is probably not another man in Centre county outside the profession whose knowledge of the law is so profound as his. He is a Republican from conviction but with a mind liberal and unprejudiced. If elected, and we believe he will be, he will certainly add dignity and honor to the bench. In the selection of.

ALFRED A. DALE, ESQ.,

As one of the candidates for the Legislature the Republican convention did an act that will add strength to the ticket during the campaign and votes to the party on election day. Mr. Dale is a member of one of the oldest families in Centre county. A. A. Dale was born and raised on the old homestead near Oak Hall. When a youth he attended the Academy at Boalsburg and later in life graduated from the Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg. He studied law with Col. D. S. Keller, was admitted to practice at the Centre county bar and has continued laboring in his profession ever since. He is a close student and his ideas on legislation in the intreest of Americans and the msases are broad and sound. If the people of Centre county elect him they will have a representation at Harrisburg of whom either party may be proud.

PROF JOHN HAMILTON,

Of State College, the other candidate for the Legislature, is a man whom to speak of is almost a superfluity. So well and favorably known all over the county for the intrest he has taken in the Agricultural State College and in everything relating to farming, he is so highly appreciated by the masses generally that few there are who do not know him even better than us. In all of Centre county there is not a man beetter fitted in every respect to send to Harrisburg as a legislator than just Prof. Hamilton, and the people of Centre county would be doing themselves an injury to defeat him at the polls in November.

JOHN C. MILLER,

For Prothonotary, is probably less widely known than any of the above mentioned candidates, but in nowise a less deserving or competent man. In Bellefonte and where he is known he is admired for his sterling business qualifications, his strict integrity and his strict, unfaltering purpose in any path of duty. Though still a young looking man Mr. Miller is a veteran of the late war and a member of Gregg Post, G. A. R. He is a bookkeeper by trade and for many years, while following his profession in Bellefonte, was known as one of the best in the county. These qualifications would fit him admirably for the discharge of all duties incumbent on a prothonator. Lately he had been engaged in the coal business in this place, being one of the firm of Hoover & Miller. He is now engaged in conducting a real estate and collection agency in this place. Everybody in Centre county should vote for John C. Miller for prothonotary when they go to the polls in November.

GEORGE W. ZEIGLER,

The candidate for District Attorney, is a resident of Philipsburg. He is a young man whose abilities as a lawyer are somewhat above the average. Graduating from the Collegiate Institute at York, Pa., he read law with George B. Orlady and D. G. Zeigler, Esqs., of Huntingdon, the fame of both the above as able jurists being known all over the state. Six years ago Mr. Zeigler located in Philipsburg, where he has built up a good practice. Among the young lawyers in Centre county a better man could not have been selected than just Mr. Zeigler and we predict for him a large vote.

JESSE CLEAVER,

For Surveyor is one of the old time republicans of Centre county, as well as one of the oldest and best surveyors in this part of the State. He is a worthy gentleman and deserves the united support of the entire Republican party and half of the democrats in the county.

The above gentlemen constitute the Republican County ticket, one that is clean, upright and intelligent and one which we believe the people will elect at the coming election.

QUAY IS ALWAYS LOYAL TO HIS PARTY.

We read with interest and amusement the sudden announcement in the Democratic newspapers of New York that the President has placated Senator QUAY and that the latter is heart and soul for the ticket. Of course he is heart and soul for the ticket and has been ever since the Minneapolis Convention nominatted it. It is true that Senator QUAY worked for BLAINE before the nomination, but when once the will of the party was expressed he acquiesced and has been an ardent supporter of the ticket ever since. Unlike HILL, he has not sulked, but has come out openly and will do his share of work in the campaign.

We are amused at the accounts of how the placation was brought about. All the reports so far published are the purest romance. The Senator has not seen the President in weeks, and at the time when the pow wow was supposed to be in progress, when he gave in his alleigance to the President, he was on his way to Florida to get much-needed rest. There was no need for any effort to placate Senator QUAY. He is a thorough Republican, and will do his best for the ticket as he has intended doing from the day HARRISON was renominated.

Republicans and Democrats alike know what that best means.

CONGRESSMAN Tom Watson, People's Party of Georgia, draws an inspiring picture of the Democratic attitude on the tariff questions. "They went into office," he says, "foaming at the mouth at the McKinley tariff bill. There was nothing too bad to say about McKinley. They dreamed it at night. If they did not curse it was because profanity would not do justice to it. It was a nightmare to them. It was a calico-tailed hobgoblin. They staid there in Washington for eight months from first to last. Eight solid months and from first to last if there was anything which the Democrats didn't attack it was the McKinley tariff act. I will tell you what they did do though. They introduced liltle pop-gun tariff bills and put wool on the free list. The first fellow they hit was the farmer."

Jones, the regular Democratic nominee, is elected in Alabama. But his opponent, Kolb, appears to have had about two-thirds of the white vote, while Jones majority was obtained almost exclusively in the black belt and was, so Kolb charges, obtained by the grossest fraud and corruption.

MR. CLEVELAND has expressed by letter to Cæsar Celso Moreno his gratification at the latter's intention to support him. If a sharp investigation were set on foot, probably a letter could be found from Mr. Cleveland to the man that struck Billy Patterson.

STARTLING.

This Has No Uncertain Sound

What Does This Mean To Our People.

It Rings With a Great and Grand Hope.

SOMETHING THOUSANDS ARE SEEKING FOR.

A FACT OF MARVELLOUS IMPORT TO ALL.

NEWBURG, N. Y.— A telegraphic dispatch from Newburg, N. Y., reveals the fact that a most marvellous change has taken place in the person of one of its oldest and best known citizens. H. S. Shorter, Esq., is an old man of 75 years, and lives at 391 Broadway, Newburg, N. Y. It appears that Mr. Shorter, who was an extensive lumber dealer, began to grow languid, got tired easily, was nervous and debilitated, until at last he became so weak and exhausted that he was just able to drag himself around. He lost flesh and strength so rapidly and became so alarmingly prostrated that his friends and relatives despaired of his life.

Now came the marvellous change.

Suddenly Mr. Shorter was transformed from his condition of extreme weakness to one of strength; his nerves grew quickly strong and steady, his muscles became vigorous, his blood was revivified and enriched, he gained 15 pounds in weight and today is in sound and perfect health.

Such a remarkable transformation in a man of his age was a nine days' wonder.

Of course the cause was eagerly looked for.

Your correspondent, determined to know the truth for the paper's readers, listened to the following astonishing facts from Mr. Shorter's own lips:

"I feel now like a new man!

"What do you think of taking an old man of 75 years, physically weak and broken down, *and making him feel like a boy again!* Giving him new life, health and strength, and adding 15 pounds of solid flesh to his weak and debilitated frame?

"And all in two months, with three bottles of Dr. green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy! Well, that is just what has taken place in me. Instead of being weak, debilitated and exhausted, just able to drag myself around, I feel now like a new man!

"I advise all to use Dr. Green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy!"

Surely this wonderful remedy is a most marvellous health restorer, and, without doubt, the greatest medical discovery of the age.

If it can thus give back health and strength to an old man, weakened and exhausted by disease, how much more surely and certainly will it cure the thousands who are run down, weak, nervous and prostrated, who suffer from poor blood, weak nerves, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, malaria, kidney and liver complaints, etc. For debility it is a speedy restorer of strength and vigor. If you are run down in health and need a medicine to strengthen the nerves, invigorate the blood, tone up the stomach and regulate the bowels, kidneys and liver, Dr. Green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which is purely vegetable and harmless, and is the best remedy known in the world.

Use it, for it will restore your health and strength. You can get it at any druggist for $1.

It is the discovery and prescription of the well-known and successful physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th St., New York, the eminent specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, who can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

MADAME MIECLAFOY, wife of the French explorer, has accompanied her husband on all his expeditions. She wears men's clothes, having become accustomed to them in her journeyings through wild regions, and she has obtained from the French government a special authorization to wear male attire upon the streets of Paris. To gain this, she and her husband affirmed that to the best of their belief, it was necessary to her health to continue to wear the garments to which she had become accustomed. She does not approve of women making this change in their apparel unless circumstances force them to it.

SENATORS Gorman and Ransom on one side and Mr. Dana on the other seem to be having fun with themselves and with the Democratic candidate over what Senators Gorman and Ransom ironically term "that awful measure," the force bill. There is a mischief that is positively diabolical in the presenting to the country of an agreement of opinion among these shrewd and far-seeing Democrats that the force bill issue is the only issue on which the Democrats can win, and that D. B. Hill is the only man who can represent that issue.

We should smile a broad smile if we were to witness a man trying to walk away with one foot, leaving the other at the starting point. But still we do not laugh very generally at the man who tries to remove women from the fields of actual equality. This doll's play, however, is played out, gentlemen. Where our fathers saw faries, we and our descendants see women—human beings.—*Frihet.*

A NOVEL DEFENSE FOR FREE-TRADE.

The Labor Troubles at Homestead is a Godsend to the political manipulators of the Free-Trade party. So overcome with joy were these prophets of calamity at the prospect of having some material for doleful homilies over the ruinous condition of our country under Protection, that one Southern paper forgot itself so far as to say that the Carnegie strike was the "greatest boon that could have been conferred on the Democrats." As yet, however, we have heard of no Protectionist whose faith has wavered on account of the falsehoods and misrepresentations of the demagogue "reformers" but one; and so novel, in fact refreshing, are this convert's reasons for becoming a Free-Trader that it is worth while reproducing them entire. As stated in an interview:

He claimed that any Protection that enabled the common workman to make from $6 to $8 per day was too much Protection. He claimed that it cost him $2500 to obtain his college education, and that there was not one-half of his graduating class that could earn the half of $8 per day. His argument was that, as it was difficult for any college bred man to earn over $4 per day, any system that enabled an uneducated laborer to earn double that was vicious, and, therefore, he favored Free-Trade.

We mistake much if the Free-Traders, while, of course, secretly agreeing with every word here spoken, will raise a great shout of triumph over this lonely individual whom the Homestead strike has made a full-fledged Cobdenite. In fact, we think they will rather try to prevent his saying anything at all, for fear that the result will only be increased majorities for the Protection cause. As the Homestead strike was going to be a clincher against the Tariff, however, it is significant that the only man attracted to the Free-Trade camp is one who revolts at the high wages paid protected workers, and thinks that a safe remedy for this "evil" is Free-Trade "reform" which, he knows, can always be safely depended on to lower wages and pauperize labor.

WHAT MR. SHIVERY SAYS.

Mr. Harry Shivery one of the best farmers in Benner Township, purchased some of McCalmont & Co's. Champion $25.00 Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate and applied one hundred pounds to the acre, to a portion of the field in sowing his oats last spring. He recently threshed three loads of oats, one of which was taken from the fertilized ground and the two loads from the un-fertilized ground-each load contained the same number of sheaves. The two loads yielded fifty-three bushels, the one load from the fertilized ground yielded fifty bushels-showing that the fertilized ground yielded nearly twice as much oats to the straw as was yielded by the unfertilized gound hence One Dollar and twenty five cents worth of McCalmont & Co's., Campion fertilizer-one hundred pounds to the acre produced about Seven Dollars worth of oats more, over and above the yield produced on the ground on which no fertilizer was used. This Champion fertilizer is equally as good to produce wheat, rye and a crop of clover to follow. The only remedy for farmers to overcome the low price of wheat, is to grow two bushel of wheat at the least possible cost on the same ground where one bushel grew. The application of Champion Phosphate will render the necessary assistance.

Harrison Kline of Spring Township and Emanuel Harter of Miles Township, as well as many other farmers of Centre County, have used this Champion fertilizer with equally satisfactory results and we can assure our farmer friends that the stock now offered for sale is better than it was last year.

This is the description given of themselves by the employees of the Homestead Iron Works. "The employees in the mill of Messrs Carnegie, Phipps & Co. at Homestead have built there a town, with its homes, its schools and its churches have for many years been faithful co-workers with the company in the business, and have invested thousands of dollars of their savings in the said mills." Just put next to this a description of the Free-Trade English iron workers and you will have the difference between Protected and Free-Trade laborers.

IN 1890 OUR IMPORTS of barley were 11,332,545 bushels. In 1891 imports fell to 5,078,733 bushels, and they would have been less but for the great rush of barley from Canada in September before the new Tariff passed. But the final year ending June 30, 1892, was wholly under the McKinley law, and what was the result? Simply that we imported only 3,146,337 bushels, a decrease of 8,186,208 bushels, which represents the increased market of home-grown barley. Is this a benefit or an injury to American farmers?

The suffragists of Iowa have secured a "Woman's day" at thirty County Agricultural Fairs. This enables them to bring their cause before as many new audiences of the class of people most likely to accept ideas of equal rights for women.

THE New York *Recorder* is getting up a brigade of first presidential voters who are going to vote for Harrison. The idea is an excellent one.

THE PRICE OF COAL.

From the Pottstown Chronicle.

"One of the reporters of the Philadelphia *Call* took a trip to Girardville the other day and was taken down into the workings of Hammond collery by Captain Wagner. The first remark made by the reporter on reaching the surface, "grimy, tired, damp and uncomfortable," was, "Coal should be cheap at $10 a ton."

We would never expect coal to sell in Philadelphia at $10 a ton. Such a price is not needed to give the operator a fair profit and the miners living wages, but we do think that there should be no grumbling at any slight increase which may be made in the near future, and which will bring about the desired result.

That result is—prosperity for the workingman of the coal region and prosperity for the people of the coal region. Good wages to the miner means more than first appears on the surface. The coal miner is a great consumer of certain goods himself. His grocery bills are large; he likes to have good clothes for himself and family, and when he can do so he will make his home bright and attractive with good furniture and other household goods. Some musical instrument will be bought. Thus it is seen his money goes right into circulation and finds its way to the great manufacturing centres."

The above is all right if the conclusions are correct and the people will cheerfully submit to such a price for coal as will give the working men fair wages. But the question is this; is not the sentiment contained in the above put forth more as an excuse to raise the price of coal than really to benefit the working man? The question the people would like to know is whether the advance in price is not to put more money into the till of a grasping monopoly rather than to improve the condition of the laborers; the action of Preident McLeod, of the Reading road, (which corporation now controls nearly all the hard coal) does not appear to us to be the conduct of a man who has the interest of laborers very much at heart, but more as though he studied the interest of McLeod and the Reading against all others—including laborers, consumers, dealers and in fact everybody except himself and the stock-holders of the Reading railroad. There is one thing we feel certain about, viz: The government could run the coal mines pay the laboring men there employed twice as much wages as they now get and sell coal to the people at a lower price than it ever was offered in any market. We agree with the above in so far as it asserts that the miners should have high wages, but we do not agree with the inference thrown out that they will get what they should have, or that the advance in the price of coal is made in their interest, or that their interests were even thought of when the determination to advance the price was agreed upon. What we do expect is that when the advanced scale is fairly fixed and the patient public have accepted it as a fixed fact and have ceased to complain at what they cannot well help, that the wages of labor will be reduced, if possible, and a consequent strike in all the coal mines controled by the Reading Coal and Iron Company, and perhaps the state called upon to furnish thousands of troops to keep the peace at an expense of thousands of dollars per day. Now wait and see if it does not turn out just this way.

THE GREAT LETTER-WRITER.

If you want to know :
How to plow a field of corn,
How to care for pigs just born,
How to steer the ship of State,
How to choose a loving mate,
How to name your latest kid,
How to write a formal bid,
How to make the wisest laws,
How to wish the lightest gauze,
Write to Grover Cleveland.

If you want to know :
How the tariff is a tax,
How to keep your wheat in sacks,
How to save the nation's life,
How to quell your children's strife,
How to burn your winter's coal,
How to vote to win the day,
How to blend the blue and gray,
How to work the true reform,
How to keep your house warm,
How to trim your last year's hat,
How to be a democrat,
Write to Grover Cleveland.

HOW'S THIS ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Of the $5,000,000 appropriated for the support of schools in the 2,438 school districts in the State for the year ending the first Monday in June last $3,835,931 have been paid to 1,780 districts. The remainder will soon get their prorate share. Philadelphia has received her full allotment, amounting to $1,071,790.79

Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek Whiskies, together with all the leading Pennsylvania Ryes, bottled by Max Klein, are the most reliable whiskies sold. See that Klein's signature is on every label, and his name blown in the bottle. It is a guarantee of purity. For sale by S. Shloss, wholesale agent, Williamsport, Pa.

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 605 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 24 4t

Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goitre From her 10th year, causing 40 Years great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

C O A L

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

EUREKA !

OUR MOTTO :

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE

M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

A LETTER FROM THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

We have received the following letter from Homestead with the request that we publish. The letter explains itself:

HOMESTEAD, PA., August 30, 1892.

To the American Public:

Seldom in the history of our country have we witnessed the lines of battle so clearly drown upon the field of labor as is now witnessed at Homestead. The Carnegie Steel Company, one of the most gigantic monopolies of the age, has undertaken to reduce the wages of their employees from 10 to 40 per cent.

In their desperation and avarice they hired and brought 300 armed mercenaries, Pinkerton detectives, to Homestead to invade the homes of the men who created the millions that the Carnegies now possess. Under cover of the Pinkertons, the company endeavored to introduce a pauperized and degraded set of laborers to supplant our fellow-American workmen. The contest with the Pinkertons and its results are well known.

So many erroneous and false statements have been published as to the cause for which the men are so nobly contending, their conduct during the struggle the present situation and their prospects of victory, that we feel called upon to issue this statement to the American public.

It is not true that the men are receiving the high wages generally supposed, nor do a large number own their homes. We have made a careful investigation, and find that just before the lockout there were 3,431 employed in the mills; of this number there were 13 whose wages averaged about $7.50 per day; 46 averaged between $5 and $7 per day; 45 averaged from $5 to $7 per day; 1,677 averaged from $1.68 to $2.50 per day, and 1,631 received 14 cents per hour or less. And further, we find 8 to 10 per cent. own their homes, and about 15 per cent. more have their homes under mortgage; the remainder pay rent, and a number of these have been evicted by the Carnegies.

It is not true that the men are only defending the wages of the higher-priced workmen. It is in defense of the fourteen cents per hour men as much as any other that the Homestead workmen are making their gallant fight.

The cunning, calculating company proposed that the scale should terminate when the cold blasts of winter penetrate with biting severity. The company desired to place the men in the disadvantageous position of negotiating with them on a new scale in January, instead of as formerly in July.

Notwithstanding the military forces of the State of Pennsylvania have been under arms at Homestead for nearly five weeks, and the entire country has been ransacked to find beings so low as to hire themselves to the company, there are less than 600 persons in the mills, and less than a dozen skilled workmen who can perform the work required. The situation is such, we confidently assert, that at no time during the struggle were the prospects of victory as bright as they are now.

What the men in this contest need is your substantial support as well as your sympathy. The poorer paid men in Homestead and other Carnegie mills where the men are now out to help their brothers at Homestead are the ones who need your immediate help, and money is required to maintain their manhood, honor and interests.

Every worker and liberty-loving citizen should contribute to the financial support of the brave men who to-day occupy the position of the advance guard of the labor movement of America.

The struggle at Homestead represents the issue between freedom and slavery, progress and reaction, and must be maintained until the workmen have some fair measure or recognization from the Carnegies.

We assure you that every dollar contributed will be devoted to the men engaged in this contest. An effective system of relief has been organized, with proper safeguards, and every cent will be economically expended and rigidly accounted for. We also advise all workingmen not to come to Homestead or Pittsburg for employment until the pending dispute with the Carnegie Steel Campany is settled.

Send all contributions to William Weihe, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, No. 512 Smithfield St. Pittsburg, Pa., and notify Thomas J. Crawford, box 196, Homestead, Pa.

Fraternally yours,

SAMUEL GOMPERS,
P. J. McGUIRE,
WILLIAM A. CARNEY,
JOHN B. LENNON,
CURIS EVINS,
Executive Council
American Federation of Labor.
WILLIAM WEIHE,
STEPHEN MADDEN,
M. M. GARLAND,
Amalgamated Association I.&.S.W.
HUGH O'DONNELL,
JOHN McLUCKIE,
THOMAS J. CRAWFORD,
DAVID LYNCH,
For the Advisory Committee.

RUSSIA is undoubtedly the most afflicted country on the face of the globe. Last year half of its people were starving on account of the failure of the crops, and now the country is racked with cholera. Last Friday 6903 new cases were reported and 2376 deaths, which was about the regular average. *Is it not perhaps a fact that the inflictions are from God as a punishment for the inhumanities practiced by the reigning monarch on his helpless people? We fully believe it.*—Huntingdon *Globe*. Some people like to blame God with all that happens. It may be all right but if what the *Globe* editor says he believes is true, it is rather hard on the people, to be cursed by a bad ruler, then starved because they have a bad ruler and finally visited by the cholera as a punishment to that ruler for being bad. It seems to us those poor people get left all the time and the bad ruler gets off with a very light punishment, if indeed it may be called any punishment. Try again brother, we cannot accept that doctrine.

SENATOR QUAY ILL.

Senator Quay, who was in Philadelphia on Tuesday, left the city for his home at Beaver. He was pale and miserable looking, and walked slowly and heavily, like a man who was incapable of any exertion.

As a matter of fact, the Senator's Philadelphia friends are very anxious about him as well as the members of his family. All those who saw him were saddened at the sickly appearance and listless mood. With the exception of a short time in the evening, when he was surrounded by quite a crowd of cheery and talkative friends and when he brightened up into something like a semblance of his old self, he was completely under the weather. His recent exposure while fishing has peeled the skin off the face in spots, and this gave a peculiar ghastliness to his expression, and one of his very close social and political friends exclaimed when he met him yesterday:

"Great heaven, Senator, how broken up you look!"

"And how broken up I feel," was the response.

Generally the Senator explained his appearance and condition by ascribing it to too much fishing and consequent exposure in a broiling sun; but those who know his habits well knew that such a seasoned fisherman is not so easily affected by the elements. The head of one of the Federal departments in Philadelphia, a gentlefman who is a particularly close friend of Senator Quay and entirely in his confidence, said to a reporter:

"I never saw Senator Quay looking so poorly, and he told me that he rarely felt so poorly. He is a very sick man. He is fully conscious of this, but did not care to say so and grieve his friends. He hopes, however, by absolute repose in Florida to regain his lost health and strength."

The plan of campaign of the Democrats is not only to disparage all attempts to start home manufactures, but to disparage the quality of such American manufactures as are already established. The Democratic argument consists in attempting to show that American products are of poor quality and are high priced. There is not an American alive, with intelligence to see as far as his own front gate, but knows that American products are not of poor quality or high priced. An amendment to the World's Fair bill, providing that all exhibits should be placarded with the foreign and American prices, was voted down by the Democratic House after Mr. Coombs, a Democratic Representative and business man from Brooklyn, had expressed the opinion that the showing would redound to the credit of the American manufacturer. If it would not discredit American manufacturers the Democrats wanted none of it.

The crime of H. Clay King, the Memphis, Tenn., murderer whose sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment for life, seems to have been so wholly without excuse of palliation that the public sentiment even of the Southern States overwhelmingly demanded that his sentence should be carried out. But Governor Buchanan is evidently unwilling to be responsible for so radical a departure as that a Southern white "gentleman" should be hanged. So, fortified with a petition for clemency from Grover Cleveland, he has commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. This Grover Cleveland, maudlinly sentimental over the case of a brutal and inexcusable murder, is the same who voted pension bills of maimed and disabled Union soldiers and made jokes and coarse allusions about them in his official correspondence.

Right or Wrong.

Which will you have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as alteratives of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, popular and well known as it is, there are unfortunates who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well known and long tried properities of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication. "The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the exclamation is pregnant with truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the endorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria, constipation, rheumatism, debility and troubles accompanied by dyspepsia. Latterly it has declared itself and been thoroughly approved as a remedy for "la grippe."

"Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" is a question that the entire Democratic majority in the present Congress might ask. Neither the Speaker nor any one else could answer the question.

AUGUST COURT.

The verdict in case of Andrew Huffman which was mentioned in last week's REPUBLICAN was guilty on two counts of the indictment—assault and assault with intent to kill. He was sentenced to pay cost and solitary confinement in the Western penitentiary at hard labor for two years.

Commonwealth vs. Nathan Haugh, assault and battery, John H Wirth of Miles township prosecutor. Mr. Wirth alleged that he had been assaulted by Mr. Haugh and his two sons and a dog Verdict, guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars and cost of prosecution and to restrain or get rid of the dog.

A double case of assault and battery was then taken up Commonwealth vs. L. C. Bullock and Com. vs. H. Newton Jones, all of Milesburg. Mr. and Mrs. Harshberber of same town were the prosecutors. This case seems to be a neighborly quarrel in which there is ill feeling between Jones and Bullock on one side and the Harshbergers on the other. Clement Dale, Esq., assisted in the conduct of this case. W. F. Reeder, Esq., was counsel for defense. There was considerable legal sparring between the lawyers as might be expected when Dale and Reeder get on opposite sides. The verdict was L. C. Bullock found not guilty and defendant Z. T. Harshberger the prosecutor to pay one half the cost and L. C. Bullock Jr. to pay the other half. H. Newton Jones not guilty, Z. T. Harshberger, the prosecutor, to pay all the cost.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel T. Dixon keeping a disorderly house and selling liquor to minors. There was not sufficient evidence to sustain the first charge so that was dropped and the court investigated the charge of selling liquor to minors. W. F. Reeder, Esq, assisted the district attorney. John G. Love, Esq., and C. P. Hewes sustained the defence. Verdict guilty. The prosecutor requested of the court that sentence be suspended; this the court refused to do. Mr. Dixon's counsel then made a motion for a new trial.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Shaughensey and William Garis forcible entry and detainer. These men are officers of the Borough of Bellefonte and were instructed by the council of the borough to remove a fence on what was claimed by the town authorities to be a public alley. The land had been fenced up by William Steele and was claimed by him, he alleging that a public alley had never existed there. John G. Love, Esq., aided the prosecution. Col. D. S. Keller, Clement Dale and John Blanchard appeared for the defence. The court instructed the jury that there was not sufficient evidence to sustain the charge and that they should bring in a verdict of not guily and county pay the cost. After a consultation of about fifteen minutes the jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the instructions of the court. The Grand jury made a report as follows:

REPORT OF GRANDJURY AT AUGUST SESSIONS, '92.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Centre county:

The Grand Inquests of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania inquiring for the county of Centre in all matters relating to the same respectfully report:

First, We have acted upon all the bills of indictment offered by your district attorney.

Second, We inspected the jail and dwelling and recommend some repairs in and about the same.

The porch on the south side of the jail is very much in need of repairs; also the woodwork on the outside of jail building would look better with a coat of paint. The range in the kitchen needs a new top plate and grate, also a new lock on the door on the north side of the jail. The jail should be cleaned and the walls whitewashed as they are very dirty at present; also the scaffold and old broken beds around the jail should be locked up as they afford the prisoners an opportunity to escape.

Third, The improved water closets are found in satisfactory condition.

Fourth, We found Treasurer Gramley's office in good shape except that the floor is dirty. We passed through into the commissioners office which was in creditable shape.

Fifth, The Districts Attorney's office needs new furniture.

Sixth, The Prothonotary's office is in good condition and the new improvements are quite a credit to the office.

Seventh, The Recorder's office is in proper condition.

Eighth, The stairs and hall leading to the court room need some repairs as well as a good cleaning.

Ninth, We would suggest in regard to the front yard that a stone curb of large sand stone be placed around and an iron fence be placed on the curb, and some of the trees be cut down, the yard to be sodded and a fountain be placed in the centre with a walk around it. Also to be kept neat and clean and not in the shape it is in at the present time. It is a disgrace to the honorable members of the Centre county bar.

Tenth, We respectfully tender our thanks to the honrable judges, district attorney and all county officials for attention and favors received by us.

D. G. STEWART, Foreman, Bellefonte, August 24, 1892.

N. B.—We passed upon twenty-five bills found nineteen true bills and ignored six bills.

If your name has been omitted from the registry of your township or borough, at once notify the assessor and he will have the defect remedied.

A PEOPLE'S PARTY CONVENTION IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY.

We copy the follwng from the Huntingdon *Globe*, in relation to the doings of the People's Party in that county:

"About twenty-five members of the People's Party, principally from the Broad Top region, met in the Arbitration room of the Court House on Saturday afternoon to nominate a county ticket.

The convention was organized by the election of J. G. Corbin, of Brady township, president, and John Wimer, of Huntingdon, secretary.

The platform of the party as adopted by the National Convention at Omaha, was agreed upon as the article of faith for the organization in the county. After a few remarks by Henry Wilson, Daniel Brode, J. G. Corbin and others on the principles of the People's Party, it was agreed to nominate a county ticket. The following persons were then placed in nomination: For Congress, J. T. Ailman, of Juniata county. For Senate, J. G. Corbin, of Brady township. For Assembly, E. H. White, Hopewell township, and Henry Graffius, Petersburg. For Sheriff, David H. Fisher, Lincoln township. For Poor Director, H. H. Summers, Entriken. For County Surveyor, Henry Wilson, Oneida township.

W. S. Hamilton, Elisha Green, John Wimer, Thomas Mulvehill, James Williams, Abram Brode and William Reed were appointed a committee to confer with the editors of the county newspapers about the dissemination of campaign literature. They were also authorized to collect funds."

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address,

WAVERLY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass.

Newspaper patrons discriminate outrageously between the city and country publishers. The city paper is paid for in advance, while the local paper is not paid for until a year's subscribcion is due, and not then nine times out of ten. The country subscriber to city papers will please throw a stone through our window when they find an obituary notice of departed loved ones in their cash in advance city paper, or see heralded in the great metropolitan chaff catcher the arrival of a ten-pound rural shoot of humanity at their domicile. If the city paper puffs your town or business, you may drop around and stick your finger in our eye.—Raftsman's Journal.

BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPHS.

These photos are of the last of the Buffalo and are an ornament to any home. 8x10 in. photo of herd of 45, 25 cts. Single buffalo, 8x10 in. 25 cts. The 10x12 in. size herd, 35 cts. Single buffalo 10x12 in. 35 cts. These photos are works of art, finely finished, genuine buffalo color, and will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Address

32 2t) J. W. ROBINSON, Franklin, Neb.

A gang of men are reported to be traveling about the country making contracts for painting roofs. If they offer to paint yours for five dollars, or any price, don't fail to ask them how much the paint will cost before you close the contract. It is in the price of paint where the fraud exists. Patronize your home workmen and then you won't need to take up with these traveling beats.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully,
DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

THE supply of Cleveland letters has somewhat fallen off of late. Some near and dear friend must have whispered some advice in his ear, or he must have been informed that the New York *Sun* was printing them altogether in one column, day after day, and without any comment.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The Sunday papers will arrive in Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon hereafter between three and four o'clock, regular subscribers can receive then by leaving their order with Dunhamo News Depot No 7 North High St. 23—31 tf.

UNCHANGED.

Little Ruth was busy, very busy, tearing up valuable papers and scattering them on the floor when Mr. Cleveland entered the room.

"Great Cæsar, child. what are you doing?" he exclaimed, making a grab for her. "Stop that, and stop it, quick!

Ruth's lips quivered as she looked up at her father.

"I knew it," she said simply.

"Knew what?" he inquired in surprise.

"I knew when the papers said you were trying to straddle the tariff question that it wasn't so. You are just as much opposed to fostering infant industry as ever you were, and this shows it.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Consumption

That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EMPLOYMENT — TO WHOLESALE GOODS. Advertise and secure local Salesmen. Salary $50 to $100 per month. Expenses advanced. State salary wanted, also your preference for home work or traveling. Sloan & Co., Mfrs. 294 George St., Cincinnati, O. 30 2t

BOOTS & SHOES.

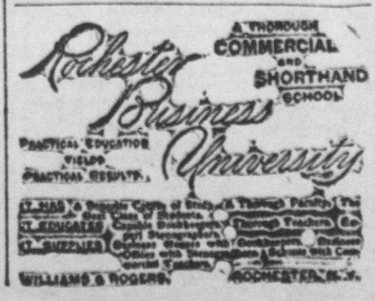
JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf



Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.50
do prime and extra prime	8.00
do choice	8.40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

)o(

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	50
New Potatoes, per bushel	1 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Belle Fleur, per sack	1 25

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurseryman, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

WALTERS' METALIC SHINGLES are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. You can buy them painted or not. Our Galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof, put on in the old fashioned style. Write for price list R. THE NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO., 9 Cliff street, New York. 23 23 26t

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

Dr. HOXIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE
IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR
HAY FEVER
Its peculiar action on the mucous membranes of the throat, render it also a powerful curative agency in severe attacks of Croup, Diptheria, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. 50c. Sold by prominent druggists throughout the state. 30 4t

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening that a light snow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a closed carriage rolled along the boulevards, spinning like a zebra. It was so loaded with trunks that you would have thought an actress was starting out on a journey.

Worse. Within was a valetudinarian, large and fat, one of those whom a trifle disturbs, and who think their final day of reckoning is near when they have a cold in the head. This one imagined he had weak lungs. So at the approach of cold weather he bundled himself with furs and fled to Nice.

He was a bachelor. Although he could have married at any time, for he had 100,000 francs in stocks, and therefore suited many young ladies, he had been unwilling to dispose of his right hand. Next to himself, the one he loved best was the cook—not for herself, but for her cooking. No one took better care of No. 1. Under no circumstances would he have disturbed himself to do a favor. He would not have lent 5 sous to his father in the street, for it would have been necessary to unbutton his overcoat to take out his purse.

He was indeed the most extravagant crank to be met with. His most insignificant acts were on system; he slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took medicine with his watch in hand. Many curious stories were told at his expense. For instance, he was so nervous, so irritable, that he detested the songsters in the court-yards. The porter had to drive them away with a broom. To persons who persisted in singing in the street he quickly threw a half-franc on condition that they would leave. Now every time the porter lacked the price of a drink he put on a false beard and went under the window, tapping on a pan as a prelude to a dance. Immediately a half-franc was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides, for there are people who cannot help laughing.

At Nice he always put up at the great United States hotel, where for fifteen years the same magnificent room, well exposed to the sun, had been reserved for his use. It was the only one he fancied, and he occupied it until April 2 at noon precisely, the hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not attempt an explanation, but everybody smiled whenever he was introduced. He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in the evening. He partook of an excellent dinner—a bouillabaisse aux langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail, asparagus, and a bottle of Chateau la Rose. With this he hoped not to die with hunger. Then, after having smoked a good cigar to settle his coffee and champagne, he retired to rest.

It was nine o'clock when he ensconced himself in bed. He extinguished the light, and stretched himself out, anticipating sleep like a dormouse.

But scarcely had he dropped into a doze when a flute was heard in the next apartment playing the air from Faust:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

The tone was sweet and silvery, so the first impression was charming; but the flutist cut short the melody at the fourth measure and repeated it several times, and then rested for five minutes and resumed in like manner, stopping at the same point.

"What is the matter with him?" said M. Jaune to himself.

The other continued without a sign of trouble.

At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing so agreeable as not to weary at the end, M. Jaune tapped on the partition wall. The flute was silent. Satisfied he took a potation from his night-table and closed his eyes. It was 10 o'clock. The hotel was almost empty, the greater part of the guests not having yet come in. Suddenly the peaceful silence was broken by the flute.

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune grew excited.

"Whew! He is getting to be a nuisance. If this is for an extra attraction I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out:

"Will you stop? If you don't I'll gaze upon your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got angry he forgot the dictates of politeness. There was silence again, and he began to get drowsy.

Suddenly:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Fie! The mean scamp!"

He rang for the chambermaid.

"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I have for a neighbor?" he asked.

"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a vacant air. "Why, M. Jaune, you are dreaming. The chamber is empty."

M. Jaune dared not reply. The surmise obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning to have delusions. Besides, so long as the chambermaid was at hand the flutist could not be heard. But scarcely was she gone, crack:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

And so on about once a minute. M. Jaune floundered about and sank under the bed-coverings exhausted.

At 11 o'clock he heard some one enter. Under the partition door he saw a gleam of light. He heard the rustling of garments and preparations for bed. Afterward quiet reigned, and he slept, as usual, until the next noon.

On this second day, after having taken a walk on the Promenade Des Anglais for a sun bath, passed a little time at the club and dined composedly, he went up to retire at 10 o'clock.

He commenced undressing. Suddenly—just so—you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

Forgetting his grotesque appearance in his night-cap, half undressed, he rushed down to complain to the master of the house.

"M. Favioli, why do you furnish lodgings to musical artists in a house which I thought so commendable?"

"Truely, M. Jaune, I do not know what you mean. I beg you to believe that I have regard enough for my interests to refuse those people."

"Then you have one without knowing—a flutist—at No. , next me.

"I beg your pardon, M. Jaune, at No. 10 is a most sedate lady, Mme. Kissmicouick of the United States, and at No. 6 is Miss Whiterose of London."

"I repeat that there is a flutist at No. 10. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into the wardrobe when any one goes in."

"I beg your pardon again M. Jaune. Mme. Kissmicouick enjoys an irreproachable reputation. No landlord in Nice would be willing to receive a doubtful character. Mme. Kissmicouick is a mature widow. If she flirted it would be seriously, and as she weighs some 200 pounds it would not be with a flute. She would take at least a clarionet. This lady goes every evening into the best society, and returns at 11 o'clock."

M. Jaune, disconcerted went back to his room. However, his head was scarcely on the pillow—crack! you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Flute again!" exclaimed M. Jaune. He rang for the chambermaid.

"Ask your master to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listen, pray," said M. Jaune.

M. Favioli endeavored to hold his breath. Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a caterwauling on the balcony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to each other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in. "Be patient! The flute will begin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute!

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against the wall, while M. Favioli burst into loud laughter.

"I have it, M. Jaune—I have it. I present you to the artist. Please follow me."

He took a light, and opening Mme. Kissmicouick's door with his pass-key, he pointed to a cage on the table in which a bird similiar to our blackbirds was moving his head about and singing without a semblance of fear.

"That is Mme. Kissmicouick's flute, M. Jaune—an Australian nightingale. These birds learn an air perfectly and in the night charm the neighbors."

Somewhat calmer, for it was folly to get angry with a bird, M. Jaune said:

"Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 francs, that I may have the satisfaction of wringing its neck."

"Well, M. Jaune, I will speak to her this evening."

M. Favioli complied with his promise, but Mme. Kissmicouick sent him walking.

"Five hundred francs!" she cried. "I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that I will not sell my bird for $500, for it is a souvenor of my husband."

The word "fellow" touched M. Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the face and threatened retaliation.

As Mme Kissmicouick was accustomed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon he scraped on a violin, 200 times in succession, the first four measures of "Returning from the Review."

Unfortunately for his plan Mme. Kissmicouick was deaf of one ear. She lay on the other and slept with the serenity of a marmot.

In the evening, still in a perspiration, delighted with having silenced the bird, if not the mistress, he promised himself a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence, crack! you have it. No, you don't have it.

The bird, which had it appeared, a prodigious memory, began to sing, "Returning from the Review," without prejudice. Instead of one annoyance M. Jaune had two.

Under such provocation he stole with the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissmicouick's door. By chance she had not locked it. He hurried to the cage, and with a heart full of bitterness threw into it a biscuit dipped in arseniate of potash and tripped back again to his room.

But, far from making away with itself, as the cruel lordling hoped, the bird sang twice a minute instead of once, and then as though it had two throats, it warbled the two airs together, "Let Me," and "The Review."

Furious, M. Jaune ran again to the door of the American lady. She had now come in and locked it, but it gave way under the impact of his shoulder.

"Madame," cried he, "your conditions, no matter what they are.?"

"Indeed, sir" she replied, her face suffused with blushes, "you have broken into my domicile with a high hand. Save my honor! Marry me!"

"Beelzebub may take you first!" exclaimed M. Jaune, without any French courtesy.

"Then I shall appeal to the law."

Pestered by the endless troubles which pursued him M. Jaune was finally brought to say:

"I consent if you let me kill that miserable parrot."

"I will hand him over to you willingly on the day of the nuptials, dear M. John." She thought that his name was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme. Kissmicouick to the alter in a few days afterward.

"I will be so disagreeable," said he to himself, "that she can not endure me and will hurry off to her own country.

Now, on returning from the review—excuse me, I mean from the church—he promised himself the inhuman satisfaction of having the nightingale fricasseed and served with his dinner. Nevertheless Mme. Jaune-Kissmicouick graciously handed him the cage.

Zounds! What a surprise! It was a stuffed bird which a Paris artisan had mounted as a singing-bird. In order to keep the wheels from rusting the lady wound it up every evening before going out.

The other nightingale, which M. Jaune had taught to sing the "Review," was that of Miss Whiterose at No. 6.

In face of such contempt M. Jaune has entered a complaint to annul the marriage for error of person—or rather for error of bird.—*Translated from the French for the San Francisco Call.*

10

DR. JENNER'S EXTRAORDINARY SKILL.

The Queen's Favorite Physician Is a Little Near in Money Matters.

Sir William Jenner, Queen Victoria's favorite physician, on whose recommendation she has hastened her departure from Windsor for Osborne, is noted in London for his extraordinary skill in discovering by the relative weight of gold, silver or copper whether the patients who visit him attempt to substitute coins of inferior value to the two sovereigns and two shillings, equivalent to two guineas, which he charges as the price of a consultation at his house, writes the Marquise de Fontenoy.

This is the ordinary fee of all fashionable physicians in London, and it is customary to hand it to them wrapped up in a piece of paper or else in an envelope.

Of course many people, especially, I am sorry to say, persons of my own sex, take advantage of the paper covering in order to foist upon the worthy medico shilling pieces instead of sovereigns, and copper farthings in lieu of shillings.

Some great ladies in London are noted for their endeavors to do the doctors out of the shilling bit which goes to make up the guinea, and Sir William Jenner is equaliy well known for his particularly strong objection to the absence of the shilling.

On one occasion, having been paid £2 by a well-known Duchess, he put on his eyeglass and began looking about on the floor.

"What have you lost, Sir William?" inquired the titled lady.

"I was looking for the shillings you dropped, Duchess," replied the irate doctor.

The lady produced the shillings and blushed, of course, to the roots of her hair, for it is a social axiom that leaders of society always have natural roots to their hair.

Sir William wears at his watch-chain a gold guinea piece which bears a little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply:

"I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir."

"Why, my man," queried the physician, "couldn't you afford to come sooner?"

"O, yes," answered the carpenter, "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere, and I heard that you would take nothing else."

Sir William, as I have stated above, wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient in the course of eight months he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea piece and who had waited so patiently to consult him.

Happy Without Bread.

The cattle herders of the Argentine Republic are perhaps the only people on the globe who eat no bread," said George J. Giddings of New Orleans. "I was sent to that country a year ago by an English syndicate to buy cattle for the London market. I penetrated 700 miles into the interior and for months lived among the rural folk. They are the happiest, gentlest, and most hospitable people I ever saw. Their habits are frugal, though not especially energetic, and their mode of life is primitive but clean and virtuous. The natives, for the most part, live in little mud huts. They subsist entirely on dried beef and tea made from a native herb leaf. When they want meat they kill a beef on the pampas, and, after skinning and cleaning, hang the carcass up to dry in the blazing sun. After thus exposing it to the sun for two days the meat is then in prime condition for the Argentinian palate after it is cooked. A great thick hulk of it is sliced off the neck or sides and, impaled on a wooden fork, is held over a flame until it quits sizzling and crackling. Then a bountiful supply of salt and red pepper is sprinkled over the meat, a little grease and water are poured over it and you have a dish fit for the gods, when the tea is drawn and ready to go with it. The better class of natives usually keep a small supply of coarse corn meal in their houses with which to make bread for distinguished guests, but they never eat any of this bread themselves nor do they seem to care for it."—*Globe-Democrat.*

A Country of Reptiles.

A Scotchman who has lately traveled extensively in Australia says that it is a great reptile country. "I have traveled," he said, "in almost every country and I have never found a land that went ahead of Australia for snakes, lizards and frogs. There are some sixty-five species of snakes in that country, of which forty-two are venomous and twelve positively dangerous. There are forty or fifty different kinds of frogs, embracing every variety from a common tree frog to a large green variety with blue eyes and a gold back, making a wonderful showing of color as he hops about. There are probably forty kinds of lizards, of which twenty belong to a class known as night lizards, many of which hibernate. One species can utter a cry when hurt or alarmed, and another kind, the frilled lizard, can lift its sore legs and hop about like a kangaroo. The monitor, or fork-tongued lizard, burrows in the earth, climbs and swims and grows to a length of nine or ten feet. The crocodiles of Queensland, however, grow to a length sometimes of forty feet. Some of the Australian species of lizards can change their color not only from light to dark but from gray to red. All kinds of turtles are caught. I saw one caught there that was ten feet in length.—*Picayune.*

Women Employed by Edison.

Two hundred women are employed by Edison in working at the more delicate details of his electrical inventions.

GENIUSES AND THEIR WIVES.

Neither Carlyle Nor Dickens Happy in Their Marriages.

Carlyle confesses in his "Reminiscences" that he was a miserable egotist in his home and with his wife. She was a wonderfully gifted woman who, for his sake and her pride in him sacrificed her own ambition and became a veritable household martyr. He did full credit to her courage, her talents, her devotion—after she was dead—in the manner of most men, though too vain and selfish, by his own confession, to take thought of her patience, her grace and nobleness while living. Their marriage was not a happy one, says the *N. Y. Advertiser.*

Carlyle lived in his books and studies, leaving all of the disagreeabies and contrivings of poverty to her, that could have been made so much less trying by his sympathy and appreciation to save him discomfort. Nor did he spare her the sight of his devotion to other women, who flattered his vanity, but who, save for his fame would never have noticed him.

What Charles Dickens saw in his wife to do credit to his brains is not known. It is very certain that after marriage she saw very little in him for people to make a fuss over. While the world was sounding his praises she discounted them at home by depreciation. She mortified him in public by saying she did not understand what they saw in his books to admire so much. To her they were tiresome.

As they grew older they grew apart, and finally became so unhappy they had to separate. Dickens found more congenial friends, who flattered him and administered to his vanity, while at home his greatness was not recognized. His wife had full knowledge of his faults and the seamy side of the idol of the public. Behind the scenes it is likely his creative genius was overtopped by his intolerance as a husband and the neglect of the mother of his children, upon whose good name no cloud had ever rested, save that brought upon it by the repudiation of the man who had solemnly promised to love, honor and cherish her until death did them part.

They Never Spoke Again.

Mrs. Hillaire is one of those women who delight to make a confidante of some one in less prosperous circumstances in order that she may patronize her. The happiest moment of her life is when she is showing some finery to a friend who is palpably unable to possess anything nearly so fine. The other day, while entertaining a very poor acquaintance, she sought to knock the wind completely out of her sails by the information that she was going to spend the summer in Europe.

"I suppose," replied her friend, who had no idea she was rudely disturbing a well-secreted family skeleton, "I suppose your husband is very glad you are going."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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A bright energetic man or woman wanted to sell an article of Great Value to every one. Sells at sight in city or country. $600 is no exaggerated amount for you to make in the next 90 days and have a solid income thereafter besides. A good Job. A Bonanza. Write at once. G. G. Glower, Mgr. 216 S. 3rd St., Phila, Pa.

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John, in astonishment, what woman?

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A PERFECT PLOT.

"You are rather late, Stephen," said Mrs. Mostyn, as her husband came into the dining-room one day, just as she had finished breakfast, "and I can not stay with you as I have to go out."

"Go out! Why, you said last night you were going to finish that china painting this morning, though I really don't know why you should work so hard. We are not in absolute penury."

"No; but it is pleasant making money in a way one likes. Besides, there will be some to give away when we find we have too much ourselves. And how is your trade going on?"

"To tell the truth, not brilliantly. In fact, I am rather hung up for want of a plot."

"A plot?"

"Yes, it is ridiculous. I have a short story to write this week, and, though I have rather a neat set of characters and small incidents ready, if you understand, a main idea is wanting."

"Dear me that is unfortunate! Why don't you go out for a walk, or for half an hour in the underground, or to the city on a 'bus, and find one?"

"My dear Millicent, what nonsense you talk. As if I were the least likely to find my ideal plot that way! No; I must try and worry it out myself somehow."

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Stephen; take my advice—go and look for your ideal in the real of life. I am sure you can find it there."

After his wife had gone Stephen Mostyn ate his breakfast and then sat musing a little, after which, springing out of his chair, he said:

"I never felt less inclined to write in my life! Really, I have a good mind to follow Millicent's advice and go out.

In a few minutes he was standing on the doorstep, deciding upon his next move.

"What a beastly fog! I certainly shan't lose much under ground, so here goes for the Metropolitan Railway."

"Where for?" said the clerk sharply, as Stephen stood vaguely in front of the ticket office.

"Oh, Whitechapel. I should think that leaves room for discovery," he thought to himself.

"What class?"

"Third—better do it thoroughly. Now, then, for a trial trip between Kensington and the Mile End Road, to test Millicent's theory."

A small boy with a large, heavy parcel got into the carriage with him, and spent some moments in vainly trying to secure his burden more firmly, by means of a knotty bit of string that crossed it here and there in purposeless festoons. Mr. Mostyn lending his help, between them they made rather a neat thing of it.

"Adventure the first; ended I fear," said Stephen to himself. "I really can't ask him how old he is and where he lives, and if he thinks it healthy."

"Temple!"

Out tumbled the parcel and the boy, and in walked an elderly young woman with a fringe and an American handbag. She sat down opposite to Stephen, put her hands to her head as if to make certain that it was still in its place, opened her bag and realized that she had not lost her ticket, looked at the window and sighed.

"Not exactly ideal, but scarcely real," thought Stephen. "Do you feel the draught from that window?" he asked.

"No, I don't, thank you," with a well-arranged look of spiteful timidity, and changing her seat to one at the other end of the carriage.

"Is this a beginning?" thought Stephen. "Now, I should like to ask her if she thinks my life for thirty-five years has been working up to the climax of meeting her, veiled in golden fog, in a third class Metropolitan railway carriage? I wonder if it's any good going on with this incident? Madame——?"

"Sir, I think this is Blackfriars' Station," she said whisking her head round as she spoke, the end of her nose depriving the glass of a very fine smut at the same time.

"It is not my business to tell her that she is now still more attractive than when she got in," thought Stephen; "she would probably give me into custody if I did—Blackfriars? Yes, it is. Do you get out here?"

"Yes," plunging at the door as she spoke.

"Ah," he said, turning the handle for her, "I don't."

There entered, before he shut the door, a small woman, holding in one arm a tiny bundle of baby, and pushing before her a little boy. She sat down, the baby keeping its position in the sling formed by its mother's arm, the boy holding close to her, pulling at her shawl, and continually asking her in an unintelligible mutter for something that she had not got or didn't mean to part with. Her bonnet was slipping off her dull, untidy hair; her face was white, with tired, lusterless eyes, pink, pinched little nose and discontented mouth. The poor little apology for a baby might have hung round her neck by a ribbon, and the other child was small and sickly. A shrunken, depressing little group.

Just as Stephen was beginning to weave around in his mind a pathetic, tender fancy, the small boy becoming more than usually importunate, his mother said, with no flicker of change in the expression of her face, but with a voice whose rough grating easily overpowered the noise of the train:

"Jest you stop a worritin', Tommy, else I'll tell yer bloomin' dad when we git 'ome—see if I don't."

Stephen shut his eyes, and only opened them as the little family bundled out two stations further on.

"The Monument!" "Mark Lane!" No further passengers invaded his carriage.

"I can't stand this any longer, and the condensed fog chokes one. I shall get out at the next station and go back."

"Aldgate!"

Out he jumped and crossed to the return platform, literally feeling his way. The underground station at Aldgate is often quite dark in the middle of Summer, and on this day the fog was dense. He found his way to a seat, and (so thick was the darkness) did not discover, till he had taken his place at the end of it, that there were two other people near him. One of them, a man, was speaking in a disagreeable querulous voice.

"I'm sure it's not my fault if I get nothing to do. I am always trying to find something."

"Yes; in other people's pockets," answered a woman's voice. "You want the wage not the work."

"Good heavens! that is Millicent's voice exactly," thought Stephen; "what an extraordinary resemblance!"

"What becomes of money in your hand I can't conceive," she went on.

"It is Millicent's voice! What in God's name is she doing?" and Stephen tried to catch a glimpse of the figure that was screened from him by the man between them, and still more so by the darkness.

"What have you done with the money I sent you last?"

"Done with it? Spent it, of course. A family can not live on nothing. It was not much for you to give—you, who live in luxury; you, whose husband is rich; you——"

"My husband is very far from rich, and if he were so it would benefit you in no way. Every farthing I have given you for your wife was my own, made by own work. I, a woman, worked to help a woman, as I would a man, but not such as you."

"Whatever you may have given you owed to my wife."

"I owed her?"

"Yes; for taking from her what was hers by right."

"Shall I let this brute go on speaking to her?" said Stephen to himself, holding the edge of the seat tightly in each hand.

"And now that she is ill and in want you in your prosperity grudge a little help to her and her hungry children."

"I have lowered myself by listening to you thus far," said Millicent, "in order to see if you would not in time say what I expected of you—what I waited for. Now that you have done so, I will answer you fully this once and never speak with you again. I feel that you can not have lived your life without some one's having called you a liar and coward, or without your knowing that many had a right to do so; therefore I will not pause to add my testimony to theirs. When your first letter came last year, addressed to my husband, 'to wait an answer,' he was happily, away from home. To save time, I, contrary to my inclination, opened your 'appeal.' It contained a manly reference to your wife, and my husband's regard for her in past years, and a cringing demand for money for her and your children, if not for you, and it ended with a suggestion as to the possible unpleasant consequences to his domestic happiness if the subject of your letter became known to me. every detail of the story, as far as it concerned himself, my husband had long since told me, and no mud thrown by you could shake my trust.

"You lie when you say that I took from your wife what was hers by right. My husband loved her with all his heart and soul, and she made him suffer bitterly. But he had loved her I say, and for his sake I consented (if the miserable story should ever reach his ears to give him no further pain) to help the woman who had repaid his love with betrayal, his confidence with treachery, but who had been dear to him before he gave to me what I took from no one else. You lie again when you speak of her present suffering and the wants of her children—silence!" as the man attempted to speak. "Do you think that in dealing with one like you I should take no steps to verify your statements? Of the two children that lived with you and that you called hers, one only was your wife's, and has been dead six months, you cur! And your wretched wife flung from her my husband's love and trust, not for the love of another man, but for life with you, who dragged her to the mire in which she died nearly a month ago! Nearly a week since I had proof of all I am saying, and my only reason for consenting to see you again, as you asked, was to tell you of this, and also to warn you that if you ever communicate with, or molest me or my husband in any way, I have means to make that your last public performance for a considerable time."

As she said the last words, Millicent rose, walking straight up to and getting into the train that had just run into the station. The man she had been speaking sat still while she moved away, but as she opened the carriage door, he started up with an oath, as if to follow her. Stephen Mostyn's umbrella becoming unfortunately mingled with the swearer's legs, he was precipitated painfully on to the platform, as the train left the station, and Stephen bounded up the steps to the surface of the earth.

Mrs. Mostyn had dressed for dinner that evening, and was sitting by the fire when her husband came in.

"Well, Stephen, when you do follow my advice you follow it generously, I must say. Have you been out ever since I saw you last?"

"Very nearly."

"And walking, or in the underground, or on the top of a 'bus?"

"A little of all three, and the club to finish with."

"Well, and have you found your plot?"

"Yes, but I can't write it now, so am not much better off than before."

"Good gracious! why?"

"Because," said Stephen, bending and kissing her eyes, "the story is so pretty that I have no words in which to tell it; no character that I have hitherto conceived is good enough to play a part in it; no incident that I have known or imagined but seems poor and tedious beside it."

"Then it is very good?"

"Perfect!"

"And is it real or ideal?"

"Both."

"Won't you tell it to me?"

"Some day."—*London World.*

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The pride of the people of the present age, based upon the belief that we have outstripped the Old World in the arts and sciences, receives another shock. A man whose desire for the truth led him to spend two years in a tomb at Gizeh, Egypt, is said to have secured evidence which proves that 4,000 years ago tools used in cutting stone had jeweled edges, similar to those used at the present day. Solid and tubular tools were used by the builders of the Pyramids, and saws, which were supposed to be modern, were used in those days, both straight and circular. There was evidence in some pieces of granite that a drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at every revolution, and that the pressure to accomplish this must have been at least two tons. It is suggested that as diamonds were exceedingly rare in those days, perhaps corundum was used as points for the tools.—*Boston Journal.*

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1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Milliport		2 a9
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M		A M	
12 00	9 15	Clearfield	7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 02
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

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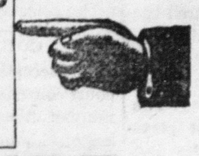

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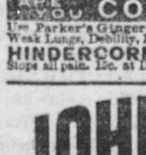

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Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The Sunday school at Pleasant Gap, held a picnic in Riddle's Grove last Saturday.

—They think they have the best Castle of Knights of Golden Eagle at Spring Mills there is in the county.

—About eighty to a hundred young ladies and gentlemen of Bellefonte are picnicing at Hunter's Park today.

—The Methodists of Fillmore will hold a festival next Saturday afternoon and evening, Sept 3, the proceeds for the benefit of church and sunday school.

—Rev. Wm. D Benton, of the Episcopal church, was unable to preach a sermon last Sunday although he conducted a service. He is Suffering from a bad attack of hay feaver.

—W. W. Scott, bar tender at the Brokerhoff House, became a grandfather last Thursday, the wife of his son Frank giving birth to a bouncing boy. Mr Scott is quite a young grand parent being only 39 years old.

—Last week Wednesday there was a fire at Howard. An old unoccupied toll house about one half mile from the town was set on fire by some unknown parties and one of the telephone polls near was burned off.

—Quite an enjoyable surprise party was held at the residence of Mrs William Keatley, near Unionville, it being the occasion of her forty-fifth birthday. A large number of handsome and costly gifts were presented to the kind hostess.

—The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will conduct an exchange in their rooms on Saturday evening of this week. They will have for sale a large supply of fine cookery, which will afford a good opportunity for the ladies of Bellefonte to purchase desserts for Sunday.

—On Tuesday, august 23, a charter was granted by the state department to the State College Water company at State College with a capital of ten thousand dollars. The directors are: John W. Stewart W. C. Patterson, State College; William Foster, Lewisburg; Thomas Foster Philadelphia; William Whitmer, Sunburry; J. D. Shugarts, Bellefonte.

—On last Friday Messrs James Alexander, James Noll and William Ludwig, as a committee to represent the Bellefonte Castle, K. of G. E. went to Lock Haven and formally delivered to the Crescent Commandery the $50 in gold prize won by the Commandery in Bellefonte on the 18th of August. They were handsomely entertained by their brethren while in that City.

—On last Saturday the Odd Fellows from the entire surrounding neighborhood and the Union Sunday School, of Howard held a picnic at Hunters Park. The day was pleasant and all had a good time Rev. Miles O. Noll, of this place, made an eloquent address on Odd Fellowship which was greatly appreciated by all who heard him. In the afternoon many of those present witnessed the game of ball between the Tyrone and Bellefonte teams.

—Last Wednesday William Gross and child were riding with a boy driving; the horse became unmanagable near Valentines Iron works. Mrs. Gross and child were thrown out and seriously hurt; they were taken to the house of Mr. Kelley who lives near where the accident occured where every attention was shown them and where the child died of its injuries Thursday evening at 10 o'clock. Mr. H. P. Harris removed them to their own home at Pleasant Gap directly after the death of the child.

KILLED BY A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

Adam Gingery, a married man whose residence was in Pine Creek township, Clinton county, died Thursday morning after an illness of but a few days. He took sick on Wednesday and there appearing to be some obstruction of his bowels that could not be removed by the efforts of his physicians, a post mortem examination disclosed the fact that a grain of wheat was lodged in an elongation of one of the bowels, and that had caused his death. The portion of the intestines in which the grain of wheat had lodged is known to physicians as the "appendix vermiforis," and is apparently useless so far as medical knowledge goes. In this instance the grain of wheat that caused the man's death had produced ulceration, which had eaten through and peritonitis resulted.—Lock Haven *Express*

GRANGE PARK.

Wednesday, Sept 14, 1892, will be Temperance Day, at the Grange Picnic at Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa. Mr. M. Van B. Bennett, popularly known as "The Kansas Cyclone," will speak at 2 o'clock P. M.; and Rev. J. L. McCrory, an eloquent orator from Pittsburg, will occupy the evening. Other prominent speakers are also expected to be present. Temperance and other public questions will be considered from a Prohibition standpoint. Come and hear.

Respectfully
J. ZEIGLER,
Manager

BELLEFONTE WINS AGAIN.

In a Game With Tyrone on Satnrday Last.

About one thousand people went to Hunter's Park last Saturday afternoon to witness what was considered the deciding game between Tyrone and Bellefonte. A special train conveyed the visiting club and 175 backers and friends from Tyrone to the grounds. Both clubs were present by 2.20 but it was after 3 o'clock before game was called, all owing to a kick by Tyrone, who brought its own umpire along and did not want to allow Bellefonte also to put a man on the field. However Tyrone was finally overruled and Messrs Hughes and Ray umpired the game, and both were quite impartial.

Hodson and Flannigan were the battery for the visitors while Knouff and Soper did the honors for Bellefonte. The game opened with some brilliant plays Bellefonte scoring one run in the first inning and Tyrone one each in second, fourth and fifth, making the score 3 to 1 in the visitor's favor at the beginning of the 6th. Tyrone came to the bat but were retired without adding an additional laurel to their wreath. In the 6th Bellefonte made two runs which tied the score, From that on the game was one for blood. In the 7th the Tyroners were again retired with empty honors while Bellefonte's first man at the bat got his base on balls. By this time the visiting team was getting somewhat rattled, and the Bellefonte boys had an easy walkover to victory. One after one, as Soper, Moss, Meany, Shields and Howell came to the bat they found the ball and sent it spinning out into right field where even the whole force of the Tyroners were unable to stop it and the result was that when the side was finally put out four more runs were scored in favor of Bellefonte. This ended the run making and at the close of the game the score by innings was as follows:

Bellefonte	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	x	—7
Tyrone	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	—3

All of the Bellefonte team did nobly and it would be unfair to particularize, Tyrone played a good game up to the sixth inning but then they got completely rattled and couldn't play even a little bit.

The Tyrone paper and Tyone correspondents complain bitterly of the way their team was roasted by the spectators. In that they are away off. It was only one man on their team who was roasted and that man was Shaffer, and if the Bellefonters would have done right instead of roasting him they would have stoned him off the field. Any man who would use such disgusting, outrageously mean and insulting language as Shaffer did before a large crowd of ladies and that without any provocation, should have been blacklisted by his own club then and there and made to walk home.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The P. R. R. defeated Bellefonte on Friday last by a score of 9 to 5, and on Tuesday the home team done up a Lock Haven stuffed nine to the tune of 23 to 2.

Bellefonte started out on its last tour yesterday morning with the strongest team she has yet put in the field and we expect to see her come home with a straight string of 4 games won. She will play as follows: Clearfield Wednesday, Philipsburg, today, Houtzdale to-morrow and Tyrone on Saturday. Now Bellefonte wants to go to Tyrone 200 strong on Saturday to witness the last game of the season between these two strongest teams.

The standing of the Mountain League at present is as follows:

	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Bellefonte	13	6	684
Tyrone	13	11	541
Philipsburg	9	9	500
Houtzdale	8	9	470
Clearfield	7	13	350

SALARIES PAID TO CENTRE COUN TYPOST MASTERS.

The following post offices pay the salries indicated below to the officials conducting them. The offices of Bellefonte and Philipsburg are not included, these are Presidential offices and the salaries are about two thousand dollars a year.

Aaronsburg	$284.37	Millheim	472.94
Axemann	75.75	Moshannon	199.01
Benore	120.00	Mt. Eagle	124.1.
Blanchard	320.98	Nittany	156.99
Boalsburg	263.90	Oak Hall	120.08
Buffalo Run	158 20	Penn Hall	102.95
Cato		Pine Glenn	76.30
Centre Hall	556.40	Pine Grove Mills	254.61
Centre Hill	63.81	Pleasant Gap	160.71
Centre Mills	46.65	Poe Mills	66.03
Clarence	256.72	Port Matilda	267.59
Coburn	270.56	Potters Mills	118.60
Fairbrook	52.00	Rebersburg	302.92
Farmers Mills	54.60	Retort	104.11
Fiedler	51.90	Rock Springs	45.00
Fillmore	81.00	Roland	165.41
Fleming	360.54	Romola	77.28
Gatesburg	60.00	Sandy Ridge	144 10
Guyer	60.00	Snow Shoe	427.71
Houserville	41.43	Sober	45.67
Howard	504.41	Spring Mills	423.37
Hublersburg	123.97	State College	1000.00
Julian	175 74	Stormstown	240 97
Lemont	397.83	Tusseyville	151.76
Linden Hall	198.19	Walker	126.48
Livonia	27.48	Wolfs Store	46.62
Loveville	60.00	Woodward	176.71
Madisonburg	124.70	Zion	114.60
Martha Furnace	91.64		
Milesburg	447.96		

A SUDDEN DEATH.

On last Friday evening another soul sped with almost lightning's rapidity from its tenement of clay into the great beyond. Most everybody in Bellefonte knew Jeremiah Fasig, the painter, and the announcement of his death on Friday evening caused a pang of sorrow to shoot through more than one heart. During the day Mr. Fasig had seemed as well as usual. In the evening after supper he had gone up town and when going home about eight o'clock was seized with death's dealing stroke. With one cry for George, his son, to come and help him he sank to the ground. Kind friends lifted the stricken body and bore it home at the same time dispatching a messenger for a physician but ere the latter arrived the hand of death had snatched the last spark of life from the body.

His death was a sad blow to his aged wife and five children. But they have consolation in the knowledge that while here the father and husband was a good worker in the Lord's vineyard and that a grander, nobler and richer life is only now opened to him. Mr. Fasig, had he lived until next November, would have been 68 years old. His wife and five children —two boys and three girls—survive him. The funeral occurred on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock and was largely attended.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The second week of August term of court convened on Monday with a large number of cases on the list for trial. Owing to a number of the attorneys being sick or absent the Court was slow about getting down to business. The court and jurors grew impatient at the delays but amidst it all cases were being rapidly disposed of either by compromise or verdict rendered without a contest. No cases being ready in the forenoon on Monday the time of the court was taken up in hearing habeas corpus case from Miles township, which in its nature was about as follows:

Cornelius Stover was the taxs collector of Miles township for the year 1890—91. A tax payer by the name of George Wolford refused to pay his taxer wherefor the collector by virtue of his warrant arrested the delinquent taxpayer and was about committing him to the county jail when the matter came before the court. After hearing the proof Judge Furst remarked that the taxes ought to be paid and remanded the defendant to the custody of the collector. It is presumed the taxes were paid.

On Monday afternoon the following verdicts were rendered: Commonwealth of Pennsylvania use of D. M. Lieb Guardian against James B. Curtin, Administratrix, two cases; one verdict being for $2727.08, the other for $2315.75. Verdict to like amounts in favor of the same plaintiff were rendered against John Curtin and H. L. Barnhart, who were sureties on the Guardians bond of James B. Curtin.

In two cases, one in favor of Maggie A. Koontz, and the other in favor of S. E. Koontz, both being against the Newark Machine Company, judgments were rendered in favor of the plaintiffs.

Henry Beck administrator of etc., of Jacob Nestlerode, deceased, against H. T. Kessinger, called on Tuesday morning. Judgement for plaintiff for $649.19. The last case tried was Grossman against Grossman. Judgment for the plaintiff.

MUSICAL INTERTAINMENT.

On last Friday evening the ladies of the Mite Society of the Presbyterian church gave a musicale at the residence of Judge A. O. Furst. The Judge's residence, which is well adapted for any large gathering, was crowded on this occasion with a throng composed of the most fashionable in the town. Some of the ladies were arrayed in evening toilets while others wore handsome street costumes. The entertainment was opened with a vocal solo by Mrs. Thos. R. Hayes, and then followed in regular order a program of music such as has not been heard in Bellefonte for many a day. It was a late hour when the program was finally exhausted but to the charmed audience it seemed but minutes instead of hours they had been listening. Delicious refreshments were served to the entire company, after which good-nights were said and each and all repaired to their homes.

SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Prof. D. O. Etters is now the Principal of the borough schools. The continued ill health of Prof. D. M. Lieb made it necessary to fill his place and no better choice than Prof. Etters could have been made.

There were some pupils who by reason of sickness or absence last Spring could not be examined and hence missed promotions. Such pupils are requested to meet the Principal on Thursday or Friday afternoons of this week at the Brick building, at 2 o'clock. Remember this, all ye who are interested.

All schools below the High School begin on Thursday, September 6. The High School will not begin until Monday, September 19. Those who read and remember these announsements will know all that is necessary to know at present.

NOLAN—POWERS.

A pretty wedding occured in the Catholic church in this place on Tuesday morning at 7.30 o,clock, it being that of James Nolan son of Mr. Jerry Nolan, and Miss. Mollie T. Powers. John Bauer officiated as groomsman and Miss Mollie Rapp as Bridesmaid. The happy couple departed in the afternoon for Philadelphia where they will make their future home.

KELLAR COMING.

On Wednesday, September 7th, Kellar, the great and wonderful magician who so delighted an audience here in the Spring, will again be in Bellefonte and perform his seeming miraculous tricks in Garman's opera house. If you want a good seat to see this unrivalled magician you will have to get to the chart early as there is going to be a crowded house.

—Don't forget Kellar, the magician, at Garman's opera house next Wednesday evening. He is great.

ADDITIONAL GROUND.

Has been Leased for the Patrons of Husbandry Picnic, Sept, 12 to 18.

The committee has leased additional land adjoining the railroad, which is well shaded, under which will be placed tables and seats for picnic parties that may wish to set their tables under the trees by themselves. This will also greatly improve the appearance from the railroad side as the under brush has been cleaned away.

PENN'S WEATHER SERVICE.

Prof. H. L. Ball, of the weather signal service Philadelphia, will establish at the Park a Meteorological station equipped with instruments and the necessary signal outfit. He has also arranged for a convention of weather observers during the week on the ground.

TENT ACCOMMODATION AMPLE.

Arrangements have been completed whereby all can be accommodated with tents that may desire to camp. Orders should be sent in without delay.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

Trains will be run every few hours to and from the Park.

POLICE PROTECTION.

Col. Mullen has been appointed Chief of Police with full authority to guarantee ample protection to all camping on the ground.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CONNECTONS.

Arrangements have been completed so that there will be telephone and telegraph connection for the accomodation of those in attendance.

POST OFFICE.

A distributing post office will be opened on the ground under the management of Mr. Brisbin, postmaster at Centre Hall. All mail that will be directed to Grange Park, Centre Hall, will be promptly delivered at Headquarters.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

Those who prefer can board themselves. Boarding houses on the ground under the management of Mr. James A. Keller, of Centre Hall, and satisfactory boarding guaranteed at reasonable prices.

Hotels with good accommodations, convenient lodging and boarding can also be had at private houses by applying to the committee.

(Communicated)

MOSHANON ITEMS.

Mrs. Delia Oconors, who has been visiting friends in Moshanon, for a long time expects to start for home next week.

F. A. Fye, has dug a well near his house, there is fine prospects of lots of water.

William Kerins, attended court last week. He came home Friday in a heavy rain storm.

Harry Yerger, who had his arm broken some time ago, is getting along well.

Fietta Frie, who had her finger badly smashed last Friday, is getting along all right.

Ozro Handscom, has been visiting his brother at Pine Glenn. He is now home again.

P. C. Walker, who has not heard from his pension for a long time, received a postal card on that interesting subject last Wednesday.

A child of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Kerins, has been very sick but is now improving.

Two of our young ladies went coon hunting lately. Susan got very much scared and Fietta was not much better, for she got so "rattled" she got off her road, and finally when the matter was investigated, there was nothing to frighten them but Walker's dog.

AT THE LOGANTON PICNIC.

A correspondent writes: The Millheim, Loganton, Brushvalley, Green Burr and Farmer's bands consolidated, with Prof. Johnson's new band music at the I. O. O. F. picnic held at Loganton Saturday, August 27th were one of the most essential points at the picinc. The Farmer's band, of Rote, Pa., under the direction of Prof. J. E. Johnson, is one of the best bands in Clinton county for its age, being organized August 27th, 1888, celebrating its fourth anniversary at the picnic.

Drum Major Newton Brumgard headed the young farmers and attracted the the attention of all who attended the picnic. Mr, B. is excellent for a beginner and will soon become a professional with his knowledge of how to use the baton.

Prof. Johnson is making his point as an author, teacher and director. His music is arranged in full style and of a good grade. He has just finished his catologue of band music that is published to September 1st. There are many professional bands now using the professor's music in addition to innumerable country bands.

A FAMILY REUNION.

Last Saturday there occurred at the old homestead of the Grazier family in Gatesburg, this county a family reunion of all the descendants of Mr. Joseph Grazier, one of the oldest residents of that locality. About ten days ago Mr. Grazier celebrated his 79th birthday. To fittingly commemorate the event his children had planned a reunion for that day but unforseen circumstances prevented the carrying out of the happy affair. Not to be outdone, however, they arranged the reunion to take place on last Saturday and at that time were gathered under the parental roof and around the hospitable board each and every descendant of Mr. Grazier, being the first time in thirty years that such a happy event transpired. Mr. Grazier has eight children living, their names and places of residence being as follows:—W. P. Grazier, of Erie, Pa.: Mrs. J. R. Lemon, of Alabama; Theodore, of Philipsburg; Mrs. Ray, of Morrisdale Mines; Mrs. Cronister, of Cross Roads; Mrs. Likens, of Warriorsmark; M. J. and O. M. Grazier of Gatesburg.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bell, of Philadelphia, are visiting with friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Esther Hannah, of Howard, spent a few days in Bellefonte, last week among her friends.

Miss Emma Henderson, of Sunbury, is visiting at the home of Mr. H. C. Crissman, of Thomas street.

Mr. E. C. Humes and family have had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Fields, wife of Rev. Fields, of Coatsville, Pa.

Rev. Jacob M, Graybill, bishop of the River Brethren, died at his home near Lancaster on Sunday, aged 81 years. A wife and ten children survive.

Rev W. P. Hile, of Philipsburg, occupied the pulpit at the Stone Creek Baptist church, in Miller township Huntingdon county last Sunday morning.

Prof. Jas. P. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, has returned home from a visit to Ocean Grove. He says a season by the murmuring sea is delightful.

Mr. Clarance Donnelly, of Lancaster, is visiting friends in Centre county, Mr. Donnely is a great pianist and also seems to be making a great impression among the fairer class with whom he comes in contact.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes has written General Beaver promising to be present at the reunion of the Centre County Veteran club on Friday, Sept. 16, during the week of the Grange Exhibition at Centre Hall.

Mr. W. J. Spotts, of Union Twp., had announced himself as a candidate for the legislature but at the last moment he concluded to withdraw his name. He is an earnest republican and will do all he can for the ticket.

Col. George A. Bayard and family are enjoying a visit from Mrs. Mary A Norman, from Monongahela City. Mrs. Norman was an old resident of Bellefonte and her son, Rev John P. Norman, an Episcopal minister is a native of this town.

Governor Beaver desires through the press to invite all members of his regiment the One Hundred and Forty-eighth, to be present at the reunion of the second corps at Washington during the Grand Army of the Republic encampment next month.

Mrs. S. F. GRUBB, president of the Kansas W. C. T. U., has spoken eighty-eight times in her own State, and held ten conventions since she was made president last year. She has never omited to treat the subject of temperance work by farmers' wives.

A. Mr Laporte, superintendent of the Shoenberger ore mines in the upper end of Huntingdon county found a coin a few weeks ago bearing date 1575, and having discernable on its face a profile surrounded by the inscription, "Servious III Rex. The coin was found in an ore bank which has been abandoned at least forty-five years ago.

On Tuesday Mrs Edward T. Tuten, Miss Esther Tuten, Mrs. Charles L. Gates and children and Miss Ellie Gates went to Lemont on the early train and spent the day at the home of Mr. Cyrus Wasson, returning in the evening much delighted with their days recreation and pleasant entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Wasson and family.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

H. J. Tressler and wife to Albert Wands and wife, lot of ground in Benner township. Consideration $1500; deed dated March 3, 1890.

Henry J. Tressler to Isaac C. Tressler, lot of ground in Benner township. Consideration $160; deed dated August 13, 1892.

DIED— At State, College, Friday Aug 19. 1892, Alfred Holderman, aged 37 years and 5 months

He leaves a wife and several children, He was a faithful member of the Methodist church, a conscientious upright christain man and had the love and respect of all who knew. him The funeral was Sunday 21st, inst, Rev M. E. Miller officiating.

MILLER—PATTERSON.

On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock August 30th, Rev. A. L. Miller, of Riverside, Pa., was united in marriage to Miss Blanche Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Patterson, of State College, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. Monroe, of Altoona officiating.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Startling Rumor in Reference to Lawrence Brown of Huntingdon.

The following telegram which appeard in Saturday's Philadelphia *Inquirer* doubtless refers to Lawrence Brown who formerly lived in this place:

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 25.—James L Brown, of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, is instituting a zealous search here to-night for his brother Lawrence, a capitalist cooperation organizer and mine developer of the same city who is supposed to have come here a week ago for a short rest.

Lawrence had recently organized a company at Huntingdon for developing iron mines in that vicinity. Ex-Attorney General Daniel H Hastings and his brother, W. H. Hastings, were two of the heaviest shareholders. Lawrence's brother was also considerably interested. Plans had been perfected for begining operations yesterday.

Lawrence did not appear and being president and manager of the company, work could not proceed without his supervision, and after repeated unsuccessful efforts to communicate with him the police were notified to look him up.

The brother reached here to-night in a greatly excited state of mind, and requested further police assistance in finding some trace of the missing man.

One theory advanced is that he has met with foul play, as he always carried a large sum of money.

STATE COLLEGE HONORS HAMILTON.

On receipt of the news that Prof. John Hamilton had been nominated by the republican county convention as the candidate of the party for the legistature to be voted for at the coming election, his friends and neighbors without distinction of party to the number of about four hundred assembled at his home at State College to congratulate him on the event and give him assurance of sympathy and support. State College band was there and rendered some very fine music adding quite a campaign coloring to the event; democrats and republicans were all there giving a very unpartisan tinge to the affair and surely indicating that Mr Hamilton has the love and good will of all his neighbors also, that State College intends to vote for Hamilton without regard to party lines. Such a demonstration is the most flattering tribute any candidate can receive and we have no doubt Mr. H. appreciates the honor thus conferred. He made a pleasing address to them telling them in a jovial manner what he would do when he was elected; as we have no doubt he will be.

CONGRESSMAN Tom Watson, People's Party of Georgia, brings forward the interesting assertion that at the Chicoga convention Northern Democrats and Mugwumps threatened Southern Democrats who insisted on passing the free silver bill. Watson has a way of coming forward with evidence to prove his assertions, however uncomfortable and unpleasant they may be. While the passage of a free silver bill was prevented it must be remembered that hundreds of Democrats have secured election to office by promises to the farmers that if the Democratic party were elected they would pass a free silver bill. Watson thus exposes the incompetency of the Democrats to do what they promise or to do anything else.

The Bellefonte base ball club started out on its last trip yesterday morning and we expect to see it come home on Saturday evening with four more scalps dangling at its managers belt and a total per cent, of 727. They play in Tyrone on Saturday and if the Railroad Company will be as generous to Bellefonters as to Tyroners and give us an excursion of $1 for the round trip it is more than likely that several hundred Bellefonters will go up to witness the home team do the Tyroners up. Eh, boys!

PATENTS GRANTED

The following patents have been granted to Centre and adjourning county inventors. Ed Bullock, of Bellefonte, for a Floor—jack, this is one of the best jacks ever used as all say who have tried it if you see Ed he will tell you all about it. B. F. Mohr, Mifflinburg, for Dust collector and conveyor, J. K. Rishel of Hughesville, Carving—machine J. T. Rush, of Tyrone, machine for Scoring and making shingles. C. Stees and G. Groupensperger, of Altoona, Water—heater.

Earle Chester Tuten, manager of the Eureka Grocery store High street, next door to Post office, is getting there with any of them, he sells goods as cheap as the cheapest and they are warranted as to quality. He has a very efficient help in Geo Marshal, a clerk of thirty years experience. Call and see them they will treat you right.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE